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The Planet Mars.

The fiery red star which has been shining so brilliantly in the eastern sky of late, is the planet Mars. Its comparatively close proximity to the earth is at present attracting the attention of astronomers all over the world. The *Oregonian* of a recent date has an interesting article on the subject. The subjoined selections therefrom will doubtless be of interest to the average reader.

During the nights of many weeks past, the planet Mars has been the most conspicuous object in the sky, of course excepting our moon. Those who have watched its appearance must have noted that it shines with a light with increasing brilliancy. The earth, moving on an inner line and with greater velocity, has been rapidly nearing it. On the 5th of September the two planets will be nearer each other than since 1798. The distance will then be about thirty-five millions of miles. Excepting our moon, Mars is now our nearest neighbor. But after the date above given, the earth, having passed Mars, will move rapidly away, and within a year the distance between the two bodies will be increased to two hundred and fifty millions of miles.

The plane of Mars' orbit is slightly inclined to that of the orbit of the earth, a fact which accounts for some of the apparent peculiarities of the movements of the former planet. Best calculations make the greatest and least distances of the earth from the sun, respectively, 93,130,000 and 90,110,000 miles, a distance something less than that of the estimates accepted prior to recent observations upon the transit of Venus. The greatest and least distances of Mars from the sun are 152,670,000 and 126,620,000 miles, which shows that the orbit of this planet is considerably more elliptical than that of our earth. The Martian year is 687 of our days. The planet's diameter was formerly estimated at 4,500 miles; but the reduced estimates of the sun's distance will bring it within probably 4,000 miles, or just about half that of the earth. The rotation period of Mars is 24 hours and 37 minutes. Its surface is one-fourth of its volume, about one-eighth that of our globe. With a good telescope the snows about his poles are plainly seen, and even the periodic changes in the dimensions of these two white caps can be traced. A large part of the surface of the planet appears to be covered with water, and it is absolutely certain that the vapor of water exists in large quantities in the atmosphere. Observations with the spectroscopic seem to prove that the ruddy color in Mars is not due to the effects of the planet's atmosphere. Proctor is decidedly of opinion that it is due, at least in part, to the nature of the planet's soil. The seas and lands of Mars appear to be well distributed over his surface, so that there is a great deal of coast line. Some of the seas seem to be narrow and flask-shaped, and perhaps the nations have their Bosphorus and Gibraltar to contend about. The planet in regular succession exhibits numerous appearances corresponding to changes well known to be taking place, regularly upon our earth.

Mars has always been supposed a moonless planet, but the discovery of a moon is just announced by Prof. Hall, at the naval observatory at Washington, and the fact is exciting no little interest among astronomers. On the night of the 16th of August he noticed a very small star following Mars a few seconds, and made an estimate of its distance from the planet. Two hours later he was surprised to find that the distance had not increased, though the planet was moving away at the rate of fifteen seconds an hour. Estimating the distance of the satellite from the planet, a rough calculation was made of the time it should reappear. It was invisible when the great instrument was again directed that way; but true to prediction, it again appeared near the time calculated, attended, as some of the observers asserted, by a still smaller companion satellite. This last is, however, as yet considered uncertain. But scientific authorities say there is no doubt of the discovery of one moon, the period of whose revolution about the planet is estimated at thirty hours. It can be seen only by putting Mars, which is very bright, out of the field of the telescope. The distance of this satellite from the planet is only 14,000 or 15,000 miles, which is much less than that in any other instance known. The diameter is very small, and can scarcely exceed 500 miles. No full account of the observations has yet been published, but the event is ranked as among the greatest telescopic discoveries of the present century.

Where the Turkish Pashas come From.

[London Truth.]

A tale is told of some English officers at Constantinople, who, wishing an engagement under the Turkish Government, were taken by dragomen and interpreters before some great Pasha. The Pasha, finding some difficulty in conversing with the interpreter, said, "Suppose we talk English. I came from Ould Oirland, and was born in Connaught." I believe two-thirds of the Turkish Pashas are collections from every country in the world.

The Yukon River Fisheries.

[Daily Astorian.]

Ferdinand Westdahl, referring to an article respecting the fisheries of the north, corrects an impression that seems to exist in the minds of many on the subject of Alaska. The idea of utilizing some of the many old steamers on this coast as floating canneries may be practicable in a great many places on the coast of Alaska, but not for the Yukon river. He says:

The mouths of that river are between the latitudes of 61° 30' and 63°, in Behrings Sea. The nearest safe anchorage is near the island of St. Michaels, in Norton Sound, 40 miles from the northern mouth of the river, none but flat-bottomed, and light draft scows or steamers can enter the river. It has an extensive delta, composed of five mouths in 90 miles of coast, and a vessel approaching the coast from seaward will have less than four fathoms of water when out of sight of land. The anchorage at St. Michaels is safe only for vessels drawing not more than ten feet of water and communications are now had with the native "umiaks" (skin boat) or flat-boats built by the fur-traders that live up there in the Alaska Commercial Co's trading post. Twenty-five miles of open coast must be traveled before the nearest mouth is reached, and very frequently the frail boats are swamped and the contents lost. But once in the river there is good deep water enough to float the largest ships and plenty to spare. The writer traveled up that river in the first and only steamboat ever brought there, a small stern-wheeler fifty feet long, brought up on the deck of a brig, and we towed two large flat-boats 1,300 miles from its mouth to Fort Yukon, meeting with no obstructions except strong current, and during the following winter I went up 300 miles further, and saw nothing that would prevent its navigation so far. It is an immense river, which may be inferred from the fact that 1,000 miles from its mouth it is over five miles in width, owing, however, to its breaking through a chain of hills just below that point.

As to the quantity, and especially the quality of salmon caught in that river, I am sure it will exceed the most sanguine expectations of the Columbia river fishermen. I have seen acres upon acres of salmon hung up to dry in the fishing season, caught by the crude methods of the natives. The river is frozen over from the latter part of October to the latter part of May and the season's product of canning would not, therefore, with the present slow mode of transportation, be brought to market until the following year. About sixty miles south of the Yukon is the mouth of the Kuskukwin river, a smaller stream about 300 miles in length but very prolific in salmon and equally inaccessible. By going to Sitka to reach the Yukon river, you would but travel 300 miles out of your direct way, which is through the Ouasmak Pass, and then be only about 200 miles nearer your destination in actual distance.

Respectfully,

FERDINAND WESTDAHL.

VOLUNTEER CROP.—People from the East, when they hear us talk about volunteer crops, do not know what we mean. For the benefit of such, we explain that it means the gathering of two crops of wheat in two years from the same ground, as the result of one plowing and seeding. Such crops are common here and the yield is frequently quite large. This summer, Wm. G. Nuttall, who lives on the east half of the northwest quarter, section 10, township 6 north, range 36, harvested 42 acres of volunteer wheat. The product was 950 bushels of fine wheat. At the same time he harvested 20 acres of fall wheat, and realized 987 bushels.—*Walla Walla Union.*

The Can Can, a disreputable troupe which is visiting this northern country, made its appearance in Portland last week, but could not get a hall to exhibit in.

Southern Repudiation.

The Georgia Convention has decided by a nearly unanimous vote—166 to 15—that it will not allow the bonds which it alleges to be fraudulent to be submitted to a court. It had already refused to receive an argument prepared for the bondholders by the venerable Jere Black, or to hear a verbal statement from the Democratic ex-Senator Norwood. In a question of the pocket, political prejudices are not allowed to interfere. And when ex-Gov. Jenkins proposed simply that the validity of the bonds be submitted to a Democratic court, without the right of appeal, Mr. Robert Toombs fought the suggestion with success. His main argument against the bondholders was an impudent one, and was that the State Government which issued them was forced upon Georgia by bayonets, and that the State was not bound to recognize any of its acts. He professed himself willing to provide for paying any of the bonds for which the State received any consideration, though he said nothing as to how even that fact was to be ascertained. The bonds thus repudiated are about \$8,000,000 in amount. They have never been declared fraudulent or illegal by the courts of the State. They have simply been condemned by the Legislature, and afterward by a popular vote. This last act of the convention finally disposes of them. It is, of course, naked repudiation and rascality. They call it in Georgia "nailing the coffin of Radical reconstruction," but it will be found that the good name of Georgia lies in the grave.—*New York Times.*

SHADY.—The other day a big able-bodied man drove a six-horse team through Main street drawing three wagons loaded with grain. There was nothing shady about this. The shade was under a big umbrella held over the head of the driver by a Chinaman seated behind him. Our Grangers are getting delicate over their big crops and good prices.—*Walla Walla Union.*

The Vancouver Charge.

The *Pacific Christian Advocate* contains the following from Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs:

The Conference year draws to a close, and harmony and good will prevail within our border. We have been favored with uninterrupted health. Preaching services have been held every Sabbath day, and we have had good congregations and generally marked with good attention to the ministry of the Word. The general tone of the Church and society seems to be somewhat in advance of past days. Three of our members have died in the faith; nine have left by letter, and three have been baptized.

Through the efficient labors of the Ladies Mite Society the parsonage has been painted and papered, and considerable new furniture has been added, together involving an outlay of nearly one hundred dollars. The church building has been shingled, and a new furnace arrangement has been placed in the basement. The lot has been partially fenced in and graded, altogether about two hundred dollars improvements have been made. The Conference collections show very great advance. Total last year, \$11.00, the present year \$83.00. Altogether considered, while we regret not having accomplished more, we "thank God and take courage." Here is a clear, and good field, and kind people—ready to welcome the Preacher that may be appointed at the Conference to be held at Seattle Aug. 29th.

"The Lord reigneth let the earth rejoice."
"The Lord reigneth let the earth tremble."

Our grateful acknowledgements and sincere thanks are hereby tendered to our numerous friends at the Garrison, and to our friends at Astoria for their words of cheer, and deeds of kindness and love. Very truly yours in Jesus,

R. S. STUBBS,
M. E. STUBBS.

The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

Mons. Auguste Bartholdi, one of the greatest of modern sculptors, has been appointed by the French government to build a grand Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. The statue will combine the idea of liberty with a hint of the ocean and an allusion to trade. Bedloe's Island has been designated as the site. The pedestal upon which the Statue is to stand will be 110 feet high, the statue from the feet, to the flame of the torch will be 145 feet high, which, allowing 20 feet to the height of the island, will make the torch, which is to be held in the upward stretched hand of the statue, at least 275 feet above the level of the bay. The statue is to represent the Goddess of Liberty, holding aloft a torch to enlighten the world. At night it is proposed that a halo of jets of light shall radiate from the temples of the enormous Goddess, and perhaps the flame of the torch may be fashioned in crystal, in order that it may catch the light of the sun by day, and at night form a glowing object illuminated by electricity. This magnificent piece of sculpture and architecture will, when completed, be the most attractive statue in the United States, and the handsomest ornament in New York harbor.

Mrs. Duniway gives Rev. Beecher a hit as follows:

Mr. Beecher recently delivered a sermon to working people, in which he advised them to live on a dollar a day. Such counsel, from a man who receives tens of thousands annually, for less labor than that performed by the lowliest hod-carrier or brakeman in the land, is not only ill-timed, but impudent. We advise this eminent follower of the meek and lowly Man of Nazareth to "sell all that he has" for one entire year, except a dollar a day, and "give to the poor." Then, having cast the beam from his own eye, he will see clearly to extract the mote from the eye of his brother.

The total value of property in King County this year is \$1,995,827 of which \$1,254,948 is for real estate and \$740,879 for personal property. A falling off of \$137,291 from the assessment of 1876. The *Intelligencer* commenting on this says:

This is an alarming depreciation, but it looks as if some of our heavy taxpayers had been on a target excursion and indulged themselves by swearing at a mark.

English legislators have been in the habit of pointing to the filibustering and resutant all-night sessions at Washington as proofs of imperfect political civilization. They have read the newspaper accounts of these strange American customs with amazement, not unmixed with pity. Now they know how it is themselves. A few determined Irishmen, smarting under a sense of unfair treatment, have, for days and weeks, set the House of Commons at defiance, and successfully blocked legislation. The hard words hurled at them by their angry colleagues and by the London newspapers have made no impression. In order to overcome them, the House has been reduced to the humiliating necessity of altering its rules; and there is a painful doubt whether they are yet overcome. This does not mean her Majesty's Government, but her Majesty's Opposition, the overwhelming majority of the House, on the one hand, and a handful of Irish members, on the other, will furnish out of the most piquant chapters in parliamentary history.

One of the hardest things that a truly generous and liberal man has to meet, is for the people of his own community to attribute his goodness to selfish motives.

CANALS ON MARS ALL NONSENSE!

An Optical Illusion, Says Head of British Astronomical Society and Now the Old Controversy Is Being Waged More Fiercely Than Ever.

THE entire scientific world is holding its breath. Director E. M. Antoniadi, of the Section for the Observation of Mars of the British Astronomical Association, has just issued a long report saying that there isn't any such thing as a canal on the ruddy planet, otherwise Mars, god of war, and that the astronomers who think they have seen them were suffering from an optical illusion.

And now Mars himself has just taken a flippant and contemptuous slant toward earth in the best position for observing he will be for many a long day, as if defying the puzzled astronomers to discover whether he has canals or not. His opposition with earth came on February 9. The defy of Director Antoniadi came only a few days before. Therefore the astronomers got unusually busy dusting off their lenses, and spectacles trying to decide for themselves whether Mars has canals, as the American Professor Lowell says it has, or whether it hasn't, as the Italian Professor Antoniadi says it hasn't.

Hence the scientists are holding their breath until their colleagues develop their photographic plates, check up their own observations and computations and then check their conclusions with other scientists. It is one of the greatest crises that the scientific world has experienced, and if one or two of the learned gentlemen don't die from suspense and shock it will be because they have stronger hearts and nerves than most people credit them with.

The present opposition is a particularly favorable one for certain "canal" observations. It is now summer in the northern hemisphere of Mars and his north temperate and polar regions are turned toward the sun and are visible, while the south pole is turned away.

With a small telescope any observer can see things of interest, including the darker areas which spot the generally ruddy surface, and the conspicuous white polar cap shrinking as the summer advances. The finer details, principally the much discussed "canals," can be seen only with a high-power telescope, even if they are there, which Director Antoniadi positively says are not.

It was not so long ago that the number of "canals" on Mars was definitely announced to be 585. But now Antoniadi just as definitely says that there isn't even half a canal on Mars, much less five hundred and more.

The alleged existence of a geometrical network of canals on Mars has received a lasting and unanswerable confutation, is the decided way in which Antoniadi makes the announcement.

The conclusions that the eminent Italian scientist has come to are the results of observations assiduously made since 1909, when Mars was closer to our earth than it has been in any other year of our time. Then it was only 36,000,000 miles away and was so high above the horizon that astronomers had one of the best opportunities of their lives to study it.

Director Antoniadi made remarkable preparations for the study of the planet. He designed for his work an observation shed in Meudon, France. It was mounted on wheels and could be rolled about

at will. The length of the rails was thirty-three feet and this enabled the telescope to remain such a distance from the structure as to receive none of the waves of heat emitted by the latter.

He found that his shed was superior to a dome or other contrivance, for the isolated body of the reflector exposed to the sky cools down very rapidly, especially if a draught is produced in the tube by opening the door of the mirror for a quarter of an hour before starting work.

Another simple matter which Mr. Antoniadi arranged to his satisfaction was keeping one eye closed. Astronomers at a telescope find it interferes with their work to keep open the eye which does no work and troublesome to keep it closed. So he rigged up an old pair of spectacles in the use of which the inactive eye remains open against a black glass while the other looks through the eyepiece of the telescope through the empty side of the spectacle's frame.

When Antoniadi used smaller telescopes than his giant one at Meudon, he noticed, like other observers, that there were numbers of narrow straight lines on Mars, the so-called "canals."

But in the giant Meudon instrument these straight lines or "canals" were seen only when the definition was bad and the image of the planet "faring." When the definition was good a complex structure of the so-called "continental" regions of Mars was revealed. In them were a variety of irregular shaped bands and shadings replacing the sharp, straight and narrow lines that were seen by means of the smaller instruments.

It was forty years ago that Mars and the question of its being inhabited first attracted the attention of astronomers. That was when Professor Newcomb began his work. He accepted the word "ocean" used by the older astronomers to designate the widely extended darker regions on the planet. Believing that they were really bodies of water he found that they were connected by comparatively narrow streaks. He named these streaks "canales," a word which properly rendered into English is "channels."

But the word was actually translated into both English and French as "canals," thus giving the impression that they were artificially constructed waterways and it was but a step in considering that they had been constructed by inhabitants on Mars. The fact that they were many miles in breadth and that it was absurd to call them canals did not prevent this term from becoming so popular that it is now impossible to get away from it.

Another astronomer, Schiaparelli, be-

gan a series of "canal" observations in 1879, when the planet was in a favorable position for observation. He found a number of additional "canals" which were much finer than those he had previously drawn.

The great interest that was aroused by the belief that they were built by hands of Martians gave an impetus to the study of these canals that has lasted until today. The Lowell observatory was especially interested in the "canals" and found many new ones. Professor Lowell himself describes this complex system of lines as a network covering the whole

face of the planet, light and dark regions, alike, and connecting at either end with the respective polar caps there.

Where they meet are small dark pinheads of spots. All these "canals" vary in size between themselves, but each is of the same width throughout. One remarkable feature of these "canals" is that they frequently appear as if they were double. Schiaparelli first noted this and other astronomers have confirmed it.

But Antoniadi says that the doubling of the lines is merely a trick played on the astronomers by their eyes; in other words, that it is an optical illusion.

Calls "Canals" Optical Illusions

By Professor E. M. Antoniadi.

IT is certain that painstaking observers are liable to catch glimpses on Mars of narrow, straight lines. Our sectional data since 1892 establish that several observers saw these phenomena. In 1909 Hawks noted many linear markings, but he remarked that "the nearer Mars gets to the earth, these lines seem to get more and more diffuse." Nangle, however, records that "none of the beautiful network of fine lines shown in Schiaparelli's and Lowell's maps were even so much as suspected, in spite of the most careful scrutiny." The question of the so-called "canals" was attacked by the director with the great telescope in an open mind. Inured for years to the fleeting visibility of straight lines on Mars, it was impossible for him to disturb the Milan observations. But the difficulty of reconciling the "canal" phenomena with logic prompted him to doubt their reality.

Now, glimpses of fine lines were had when the image was flaring in the 32½-inch, never when it was calm; while definition without quivers has revealed a very complex natural structure of the so-called "continental" regions of the planet. The forty irregular markings were held steadily at Meudon in the positions of some of Schiaparelli's and Lowell's linear "canals," and they showed such a diversity of appearance

that it was deemed necessary to divide them into ten following classes:

1. Dark, irregular narrow lines.
2. More or less narrow irregular streaks.
3. Knotted irregular bands.
4. Broad, curved, or winding irregular bands.
5. Broad and diffused, complex shadings.
6. Diffused, irregular markings, which are narrow near some "inlet" of the maria, and then widen out into the "continental" regions.
7. Series of more or less disconnected irregular knots and filaments.
8. Series of detached knots of various sizes.
9. Isolated, irregular lakes.
10. More or less jagged edges of faint halftones.

A characteristic feature of Meudon delineations is that they show Mars quite different from what was recorded by Schiaparelli between 1877 and 1890, or what was ever drawn by any other observer, past or present. And, although the director was certain of his drawings, yet it was gratifying for him to receive the confirmation of photography. In

duced diffraction, much broader and far more conspicuous in a large telescope than a small one;

(e) That minute irregular detail, utterly beyond the reach of Schiaparelli's instruments, and confirmed by photography, was held steadily in the 32½-inch, when no trace of lines could be seen at all.

We reach the conclusion, which leaves no room for doubt, that the natural appearances revealed by the great French telescope give a much more truthful representation of the details on the planet than the rude spider's webs of the Italian astronomer.

Hence Schiaparelli's geometrical network of "canals" appearing by flashes, is an optical illusion. In its place, the globe of Mars shows either winding, irregular, knotted streaks, or broader irregular bands, or groups of complex shadings, or isolated, dusky spots, or jagged edges of halftones. In accordance, therefore, with Mr. Maunders' theory of 1894-95, the lines, which are glimpsed severally, are merely a summation of complex details. The true theory of the "canal" fallacy is thus due to Mr. Maunders, and to him alone. On the other hand, from the observational point of view, Mr. Denning recognized, in 1886, the real appearance of the planet; and the results of the great Bristol observer have been confirmed and extended by Professor Young in 1892, by Professor Barnard in 1894, by M. Millochau in 1899, 1901 and 1903, and by Professor Hale and the director in 1909.

A "canal" was glimpsed by Schiaparelli on Hesperia, and this appeared double in 1890, single in 1894. But in 1909, at Meudon, there was a most complex irregular "lake." Also, the Laestrygon, which was glimpsed sometimes single, sometimes double, by Schiaparelli, appeared as a series of irregular shadings in the 32½-inch, while broad streaks seemed particularly liable to present at Milan this phenomenon of "gemination."

Hence, the doubling "canals" and "lakes" of Schiaparelli, which are also seen by glimpses, are the products of a kindred optical illusion, which may flash over any complex marking, but, irregularly, along the edges of a broad, irregular streak.

And thus the skepticism regarding the objectivity of the geometrical network, manifested since 1879 by Mr. Maunders, Mr. Green, Captain Noble, and, subsequently, by Mr. Holmes, M. Bizourdan and others, has triumphed over the wonders associated with canals and their doublings.

- Now, if we consider:
- (a) That Mars was defined in 1909 with the Meudon 32½-inch as if he were from four to sixteen times nearer the earth than in Schiaparelli's modest 8½-inch refractor;
 - (b) That all the irregularities of the above markings were held quite steadily in the large telescope while the straight lines were only glimpsed at Milan;
 - (c) That these irregular markings obey rigorously the laws of perspective, while this is too frequently not the case with the lines;
 - (d) That a real narrow, dark, planetary line, like Cassini's division in front of Saturn, is naturally, owing to re-



WHAT DO THE MARTIANS THINK OF US NOW?

What Do You Suppose Inhabitants of Our Nearest Celestial Neighbor Make of the Performance Which They Are Probably Able to See Disturbing the Earth?

IT'S a pretty mess that the Martians may see upon the face of old Mother Earth if they are able to see anything at all!

The bewildered creatures are perhaps staying up nights to see it, or else going down during the days into deep dark wells to satisfy their curiosity.

A line stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Swiss Alps which almost continuously belches out red and yellow flame and clouds of smoke; another line stretching from the Austrian Alps clear up to the northern seas which likewise continually belches out red and yellow flame and clouds of smoke; and strange looking objects upon the blue waters of the oceans which also spit out flame and smoke are the things that must meet their startled gaze.

Do the Martians realize that a war is going on full swing on old planet Earth? Or, being the occupants of an older planet, have they progressed so far in intelligence and civilization that they have actually forgotten that there can be such a thing as war?

It may be that the Martians have gone so far ahead of us in the upward climb that they look down upon us merely as poor earthly white trash. They probably have been observing us for a great many more years than we know about with their powerful and highly perfected telescopes. It may be that they know all that we do and, have been doing for many centuries past, and knowing this, it may be that they have absolutely refused to give us any recognition until we have reached a degree of civilization equal to their own.

If Mars has inhabitants there is no question but that these inhabitants have reached a higher degree of civilization than earth beings possess, and that, therefore, all their tribal, national and racial wars were fought out long ago. Their interest, surprise and disgust towards earth at this time must be tremendous. If they

have any word worse than "barbarians" they have unquestionably been hurling it down at us night and day for the past five months.

The Martians undoubtedly have better instruments for observing us than we have for observing them. But for every possibility we encounter in interpreting the markings on that planet they would have a dozen possibilities in interpreting the features on the surface of the earth. Nearly everybody who has investigated

the subject of life on Mars has come to the conclusion that if there is any life there it is also a higher degree of intelligence because it is an older planet than the earth.

Yet the intelligence has been associated for ages with a planet having only slight elevations of land, a very thin atmosphere, a scarcity of water which has been used for ages through artificial channels, having vast tracts of desert plains and within these deserts large oases fed by irrigating

canals, regions of sparse vegetation and no large bodies of water.

With these conditions going beyond the history of the present inhabitants what must the Martians think of the surface features of this world and the strange things that are now taking place upon it?

If a Martian can observe the earth he will see large red and yellowish areas, extensive greenish areas and beside large regions of varying shades of blue, possibly, occupying three-fourths of the earth's surface.

The yellow areas he would interpret as desert land. The greenish areas he might consider as vegetation. But what would he make out of the larger regions of blue? This would certainly puzzle him because, unfamiliar with oceans, he could not believe that such vast tracts could really be water. And what would he possibly think of the strange objects moving about on those blue areas, singly and in groups, now standing still, now rushing this way and that, with strange flashes of flame and puffs of smoke hurrying from them, and with some of these objects disap-

pearing suddenly into the blue without any apparent reason? What could the Martians possibly think of the battle fleets of the warring nations if he is able to see them?

It would be easy for the Martian to interpret our polar caps for his planet still has caps of its own; and he would know what the waters at the edges of these caps mean, but it would be almost impossible for him to believe that such vast tracts of blue could really be water.

If some audacious interpreter on Mars suggested that these tracts of blue were water he would be answered by some one showing him that these so called bodies of water bordered vast tracts of sandy deserts with no canals running into them for irrigation or navigation purposes. Even the polar caps would be doubted because they seem to extend far down into temperate latitudes and on their recedence in summer there would be seen no dark bordering seas as the result of their melting.

The vegetation instead of unfolding at the north and gradually extending southwards would unfold in a contrary direction, appearing first in south temperate latitudes and developing northward. The perennial character of the vegetation in the tropics would puzzle him.

Even if he recognized oases in the deserts of America and Africa, the results of wells or springs, he could not believe them to be vegetation for he would detect no irrigating canals running into them.

He would come to the conclusion that no creature could possibly exist on the earth as the tremendous force of gravitation with great atmospheric pressure would forbid the existence of any organic forms. And if some other Martian were to suggest that the confusion on earth at the present time was the result of a war and that different bodies of men were hurling lead and steel missiles at one another the Martian scientists would laugh in scorn and say that with the force of gravitation on earth many times stronger than that on Mars it would be impossible for earth beings to invent engines powerful enough to overcome the great pull of gravitation that would be exerted on these missiles.

At the same time there would be others with more imagination than the scientists who would insist that the earth beings would develop powers great enough to conquer the forces of nature arrayed against them just as imaginative beings on earth protest to doubting scientists that the Martians are entirely able to conquer the different difficulties met with on their own planet.

The immense clouds veiling the earth's surface at times are unquestionably rightly interpreted by the Martians yet at the same time they would fail to understand how the earth beings would be able to withstand the terrific impact of the falling raindrops. If a Martian were brought to earth and were struck by a raindrop it would wound him as seriously as a bullet wounds an earth being, for the Martian's body is built to stand only the slightest resistance. There might be some Martians who would come to the conclusion that if the earth beings found it necessary to fight wars that side would win which could invent instruments to bring down rain on the opposing fighters and to protect its own forces by rain-proof armor. The scientists would print statements to the effect that there couldn't be any armies on earth for while people could protect themselves well enough from the crushing rain in cities covered over with rain-proof armor the men who would compose

these armies would have to have legs of iron and a crust like a turtle to be impervious to the rain that might catch them unaware in the fields.

Another feature of earth life which would probably lead the Martian scientists to believe that war would be impossible in the widely different seasons. Believing that Mars is perfectly balanced as to temperature, he reasons that the earth being so much nearer to the sun would be too hot in summer for an army to exist in the open and too cold in the winter and too in winter.



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True Democracy.

WE refer the student of national manners to the practice golf links in Potomac Park on any Sabbath morning for the most striking example of pure democracy existing in the world. It is such a democracy as would have caused even Thomas Jefferson to wonder.

Senators, bricklayers, shop girls and diplomats compete on a basis of absolute equality. Soldiers of high rank associate with the rabble. Republicans of the old order fraternize with socialists and anarchists. Representatives of great American commonwealths curse like first sergeants when they "top" the ball and shock demure young ladies who are uneasy at heart over their absence from Sunday school.

We grant that most of the people who gather at the starting tee should be at church. We grant that these practice links are an abomination and a horror to many a good pastor. We take this occasion to insist, for the sake of propriety, that amateur golfers first should attend divine worship. It is a lamentable fact that the experiences of one who is inept at the use of drivers, putters, midirons and mashies are not apt to produce a state of mind beneficial for the soul.

But, aside from these things, this Sabbath morning golf is an unmixed benefit. The Senator improves himself physically for the arduous task which confront him during the coming week. He gets in touch with the thoughts and desires of the proletariat. Like the calfs of old he comes incognito among the people. He learns what the girl clerks in the Department of Agriculture think about him.

In no other city in the world would it be possible to duplicate such a democracy as exists at these links. The vogue of golf among all classes of people is increasing. Among women and men of every rank there are amateurs who are ashamed to display their lack of skill to their colleagues and are eager to improve their shots in competition with the great public.

The city church bells bring a drowsy peace over green fairway and shady grove. The players do not lose entirely the spirit of Sabbath. They follow the balls amid beautiful surroundings—the majestic river flowing beyond gardens and hedges, the high towers of Arlington in the blue distance, the shadow of the Washington Monument falling over the greens.

Imagine members of Parliament associating with London clerks on the links, or delegates to the chamber of deputies driving from the same tee as Paris carpenters, or gentlemen with seats in the Reichstag playing any game with the common herd of Berlin. Such a condition would be impossible. None of these men would risk for a moment the loss of dignity in prospect.

We have no fear for the decadence of democracy in America, however, while four Senators come incognito to the practice links in little over an hour, as was the case last Sunday, hire beginner's clubs, and enter fore-somes with strangers who may be either foreign ministers or street car conductors.

Changing Flags.

A RATHER solemn ceremony was staged in the Reichstag, Tuesday, when the German-Polish agreement on Upper Silesia was ratified.

With flags at half mast, the Silesian colors draped in black, and the members standing with bowed heads, President Loeb of the assembly, bade formal farewell to the thousands of Germans who now pass under the rule of Poland.

Return of sections of this long disputed area to Poland doubtless is a case of long-delayed justice. True, Polish patriots will rejoice everywhere to know that the white falcon again waves over the territory which has been so long under the black eagle of the Prussian state. Probably the Poles of the returned provinces themselves will rejoice, although this by no means is certain.

But the situation of the German citizens will be unfortunate. The nationalist aspirations of the Silesian Poles will be satisfied at the expense of poorer living conditions. Their rivals lose everything. Only pure, disinterested patriotism could induce the average man or woman to pass from German to Polish rule without a protest. Not that Poland does not intend to act honestly in the administration of her new provinces. Doubtless she plans an equal opportunity for everybody. But she has not the background of experience in government which will enable her to keep the people as well fed, as well clothed, or as well housed.

It is these Germans, in fact, who with their brothers in Alsace-Lorraine, will suffer the most from their country's defeat in the recent war.

With all the crimes charged against her, Germany had one justification to offer for her every act since the establishment of the empire. The people under her flag have eaten better food, worn better clothes, lived in warmer houses and sent their children to better schools than the people of any other nation in Europe. Their ideals may have been trampled upon. They may have been subjected to the discipline of an outrageous social system. Liberty may have been an unknown quantity wherever the shadow of the Kaiser fell. But material welfare has increased where the Germans have gone. Frenchmen in Alsace-Lorraine were prisoners and felt all the indignities common to

such a condition. But at least they were well fed, well dressed prisoners.

Perhaps Poland will prove as efficient a sponsor of industry and agriculture as was Germany. It is too early to say, because she never has had a fair chance to demonstrate her ability. But the German Silesians cannot be blamed for dire misgivings on this subject. It will be impossible to convince them that they have not been treated with gross injustice—although the judgment of the world will not agree with them.

Drinking in Colleges.

COLLEGE students are not such drunkards as they once were, according to a recent investigation conducted by a Unitarian temperance society.

The deans of 386 American colleges out of 408 canvassed stated firmly that since the passage of the Volstead act a rapid decline in student drinking has been observed. Thirteen institutions, representing nearly 50,000 students, reported that intoxication was on the increase.

On the whole the news is encouraging. Of all places where violations of the prohibition statute might be expected, colleges afford the most favorable opportunity. The students are at an age when the thrill of lawlessness has a tremendous appeal. Few have tasted intoxicants before entering college and are eager for an opportunity to prove that they are "real" men.

Only a few years ago drinking in most American colleges was socially obligatory. The fraternity man, in particular, had no choice between an occasional "spre" and the label of milk-sop. To his credit, perhaps, he usually saved his good name among fellow students by getting drunk.

But this practice always has been a detriment. It has interfered with efficient classroom work. It has hindered both mental and physical development of students. Deans and faculties had despaired, however, of any sweeping reform until the Volstead act came to their aid.

It is surprising that this law has caused much of a change. Of course, outside a few institutions, the average college student is poor. He may not be able to find money with which to buy illicit whisky. If this is so the one class has been found where poverty has proved a deterrent to drinking. Whoever wants liquor finds the money in one way or another.

Of course there is some intoxication still. Even Washington colleges have their problems to contend with in this line, as is obvious to anyone who observes the life of the capital after midnight during the months when schools are in session. But even here there is a noticeable change for the better in this respect. Are the college men really learning to respect law? If so it is a hopeful sign indeed, for from their ranks will come most of the future leaders of the nation. The announced statistics would seem to bear out such a conclusion.

However, there is the possibility that deans and faculties don't know what they are talking about and don't see as much now as they used to. This may be the real explanation after all. The student today is less apt to venture from the fraternity house when he cannot walk a straight line.

Anent Miss McCormick.

IT is a bit rude, perhaps, that the public should take such interest in Miss Mathilde McCormick's affairs of the heart.

The young lady already has received enough publicity to make the fortune of an ambitious actress. Unless published reports of her likes and dislikes are misleading she does not rejoice at this. The heiress of seventeen summers, probably, would prefer to wed her Swiss riding master with no gentlemen from the press peeping through the keyhole.

But there is, all must admit, more occasion for public interest in this affair than in the average romance in high life. Some principles are involved and these are brought out plainly by the action of Miss McCormick's mother, who seeks to prevent the wedding by legal means.

We venture to predict that Mr. Max Oser is about to lose his bride and, incidentally, her money. There are aspects to the whole affair which make it considerably different from a pretty romance. Public indignation usually descends upon wealthy parents who seek to blight budding roses of love in the lives of their daughters for reasons of family pride. But in this case the proletariat are more apt to cheer for the mother.

If Miss McCormick should elope with a young butcher from the Chicago stockyards nobody would object. If she should wed secretly a Windy City policeman or a mechanic in her grandfather's harvester factory, the public would applaud. But Americans are disgusted with international weddings. They are angry, in the first place, that good American dollars and the Yankee eagle on their faces should be exchanged for the gilded trumpery of titles. They take a certain pride in the great fortunes which have been built up among them and resent the prospect that these should be spent to keep tumbledown castles intact rather than to build skyscrapers.

Mr. Oser, it is true, has no title. His love for Miss McCormick may be sweet and sincere. But the suspicion in the minds of the people will not down. America is proud, in its democratic way, of both the Rockefeller and the McCormicks. These families have produced some of the worthwhile men in our history.

It is unnecessary here to mention the difference in ages between Mr. Oser and Miss McCormick. Happy marriages may be possible in such a case. They are not probable. The public would not look favorably upon such an alliance—not even if it was between two Americans.

The public should be glad that Miss McCormick's divorced mother has taken the stand she has.

France has placed a tax on bachelors. Sort of a single-tax, as it were.

Sign at Roslyn, L. I.—"New Second-Hand Tires."

The Herald in New York
These Hotels and Newsstands in New York City Have The Herald on Sale:

HOTELS		
Astor	Imperial	Prince George
Belmont	Martini	Ritz-Carlton
Biltmore	McAlpin	Savoy
Breslin	Murray Hill	Waldorf
Commodore	Pennsylvania	Waldorf
NEWSSTANDS		
220 Broadway	Pennsylvania	Schutz, 42d
Woolworth	Station	St. 6th Av
Building	Herald	News, 3d
200 Fifth Ave.	Times Square	St. 6th Av

New York City Day by Day Impressions:
by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 1.—The first showing of a "fillum" for Broadway consumption takes place in a small projection room in an office building on West Forty-second street. Upon this occasion only members of the cast, the directors, scenario writers and others intimately connected with the making are present.

It is the players' hour for "back-scratching." Even the director steps out of his haughty role and spreads pretty compliments. It catches the celluloid heroes and heroines with the makeup off. They speak in the argot of the lots about "out-backs," "chummy streaks" and "double exposures."

The star and director pull their comfortable chairs together and whisper confidences. The old character woman—blind on the screen—"mother" the younger girls and sees in each one a potential Mary Pickford. She appears to feel that she can hold her job only by flattering the others.

In the back-lot—true to his role—hovers the villain. He is selected for his hawk nose, beady eyes and cruel mouth. Yet in real life he seems to drip obedience. When the star greets him afterward with "You did splendidly," the villain abases himself in servile-like mutterings of gratitude.

Even the man who owns the trained dogs is there to share in the glory. The chief fear expressed is that the film, while of course an obvious masterpiece, will not be a boxoffice favorite. Art is art, but when a star shines in the receipts, it makes him commercially thoughtful.

The temptress who lures the hero to the very brink of ruin is very demure "off location" in glumish dress and youthful, poke-horned. She doesn't smoke and even blushes when the star pinches her cheek and tells her that for looks she "grosses a million."

All like to admit that there is much "hokum" but even so, they plead, that is what the public wants and it will take years to educate people to a higher standard, or after all, you know, the moving picture industry is only in its infancy. O, dear, yes!

Gerald Breitling, until a few weeks ago, was the city editor of the New York Herald and a capable executive. All his life, however, he has been a reporter and the urge to write, to go out into new adventures and to meet new faces was strong. The other week he resigned and became a reporter again. Now I am supremely happy," he declares.

In no other sphere do people look so lightly upon losing jobs as theatrical folk. The first week of any production on Broadway is not a week of mourning by its members. Instead there is much jollification and the final night it is the custom for the star to entertain the entire company. This party generally lasts until Sunday morning and on Monday the players go out to hunt new jobs. Twelve productions closed on Broadway last week.

As a result the cafes and supper clubs are crowded with those celebrating. Of course, it is all make-believe, for to many of them the loss of jobs means actual want.

In a haberdashery shop on Fifth avenue there is a display of handkerchiefs for men. In a corner of the window is a small card reading: "No handkerchiefs for less than \$25 a dozen. Monogram extra." I remember when one couldn't have enough colds to use \$25 worth of handkerchiefs.

Also—O tempora, O mores—the suspended is coming back—the same haberdashery proclaims by a gaudy window display. English gentlemen have gone back to suspenders; another card announces. That is all it takes to start New Yorkers wearing 'em.

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Punchinello Scientific File
ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS

This department is conducted by The Herald, to answer questions of its readers. All questions will be answered in these columns. Address letters to the Friends of the People.

PRONUNCIATIONS.
To the Friend of the People:
Kindly publish the correct pronunciation of public and coupon.
H. A.

Coupon is pronounced koo-poon with the accent on the first syllable. Publicist is pronounced pub-lic-ist with the accent on the first syllable.

DAYS OF DATES.
To the Friend of the People:
Would you please inform me what day was August 14, 1901. Please tell me what day was July 9, 1901, came on a Tuesday. August 14, 1901, came on a Wednesday.

NATIONALITY OF CHILDREN.
To the Friend of the People:
What determines a child's citizenship; the citizenship of the father or the country in which the child is born? What child is born abroad with the parents holding a diplomatic position, does the child automatically take the nationality of the parents? Is it good form for a gentleman to seal his letters with sealing wax?
C. P.

When a child is born in a foreign country, he takes the nationality of his father. However, there are certain European countries in which everyone born there is accorded citizenship in that country. In this way, what are known as dual citizenships exist. When a child is born abroad with his parents holding a diplomatic position, the child does not come under the jurisdiction of his natal country.

2. This is purely a question of taste.
"I PAGLIACC"
To the Friend of the People:
Give me a small sketch of the play, "I Pagliacci" and the correct pronunciation?
G. H.

(a) "I Pagliacci" (The Clowns), opera by Ruggero Leoncavallo, concerns a tragic episode in the life of a clowning family. The principal characters. Canio and Nedda are husband and wife, and at the opening of the opera have just set up their show in an Italian village. Canio, who with the help of the finest barytone solo in the modern repertoire—the dramatic and beautiful prelude—is given, is one of the lesser lights of the troupe and is made a sort of mascot.

Notwithstanding his humble place, however, he has presumed to fall in love with Nedda, much to that woman's amusement, and later, when he presses his suit, to her ultimate disgust. Canio has his suspicions concerning Nedda's uprightness and, spurred by her rejection, he sets himself about spying on her, soon discovering her in the arms of one Silvio, a handsome villager. Canio then hurries Canio and apprises him of what he has seen. The latter rushes to where Nedda and Silvio had their tryst, only reaching there as the lover disappears over a wall. Canio returns to the show place and is about to lay his hands upon his wife, when other members of the company interfere and a semblance of peace is patched up.

The play opens and Nedda and Canio, as Columbine and Punchinello, respectively, present the familiar story connected with that legendary couple, the tragic story of the clowning family. Canio realizes this and becomes oblivious that he is acting. The agony of his own heart speaks in the lines the dramatist put into poor Punchinello's mouth. At last in the burst of rage that follows his denunciation of Columbine and the demand to know her lover's name, Canio, instead of making a pretense of murdering the woman, draws a sharp stiletto from his belt and in the face of the audience, by this time convinced that he is wrong, plunges it into Nedda's heart. Silvio, who is a spectator, leaps to the aid of Nedda. At once Canio sees the truth and, springing forward, also plunges it into his own.

(b) "I Pagliacci" is pronounced Ee-Pah-glee-ah-chee, with accent on the first syllable.

QUOTATION.
To the Friend of the People:
Where can I find the quotation in which it is said that "new times demand new measures and new measures demand new men"?
STEFEROR

The quotation which you inquire about is from "A Glance Behind the Curtain," by James Russell Lowell.

Open Court Letters to the Herald
OTHER PEOPLES VIEWS ON TOPICS OF CURRENT INTEREST

Winners of the West.
To the Editor, The Washington Herald:
I have something I want to say and I am going to say it if it kills me. Today I attended memorial services at the Home Cemetery and listened to the eulogies heaped upon the 5,500 boys in blue sleeping out in the woods, and not one of them arose to applaud; I doubt seriously if they heard a word of it. Washington's barefooted urchins at Valley Forge; Hickory Jackson's squirrel hunters at New Orleans; Scott's filibusters in Mexico; Grant's pik and chicken harvesters in Dixie; Sampson's victory at Santiago that Schley won; Dewey dumping the Spanish navy overboard in Manila bay; Pershing's glorious victory in Europe; all came in for a full measure heaped up and running over. The crowd of the crowd, the crowding glory, but the Indian fighters, the men who made the desert to blossom as the rose, starved to death and froze to death, do it is who blazed the trail to the lands where dwell and thrive hundreds of thousands, yes millions of men who go to make up for these United States a substantial part. Not a word was spoken for against the men who were a factor when you come to sum up the totals.

Stop, look, listen. Come let us draw a line west of the Colorado river from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and we, the insignificant crowd known as the Indian fighters, preempt that vast empire of the West and we won; den war is yet to come. I am sure that you here can get along very well without you, we thank you; it is ours, we won it by conquest; kept for Europe. Europe, we the promoters of the petted and feted and feasted, slapped on their backs and promised their jobs back on their return, and told to "sit-em" tight. When you come back, then, with your phenomenal accomplishments, what was the greetings? "Get for home, Bruno."

The orators of the day dwelt with particular stress upon the achievements of our untrained soldiery going up against the mightiest kingdom that the world ever knew, and licking them to a "frazzle." Yes, but the price? Eight thousand went for nothing, and the rest, well, they were included in the "Eulogy," but that provides no eats or glad rags for the fallen.

Just now where are all of those returned heroes? Want me to tell you? Well some are in the bread line, some on the street, some in country districts looking for a job, some in prison, some committed suicide. Go to the hospitals, look 'em over. Blind, armless, legless, maimed, and some of them are still in the hospitals. Is this condition of affairs a suitable reward for the foregoing sacrifices? Ask Fisher.

I suppose you would like to know the why for this state of things. Well, the reason is simple and the law forbids them to eat and in going abroad in response to their country's call to make millionaires at home. Now, if I say ignorant, I mean him a mite to lessen his miseries, to even an infinitesimal degree, what does he get? "Get for home, Bruno!" "Be gone!"

JOHN W. JENKINS
Late First Sergeant, Co. G, Sixth U. S. Infantry.

Bryan and Evolution.
To the Editor, The Washington Herald:
Mr. Bryan still has, it seems, an inexhaustible ambition and determination for expounding his ancient and pardon me if I say ignorant, ideas toward Darwinism and the Bible. It doubtless occurred to thousands of intelligent people a short time ago that in view of the kind and unscientific explanation given on the subject, he has turned the deaf ear to enlightenment and set his head to continue in the path of darkness.

It was pointed out that Mr. Bryan would first of all know the difference between Darwinism and evolution. He makes no discrimination. There is today, without exception, no man of learning who will grant that they are synonymous. The educators, the well-informed will admit that much in Darwinism is today obsolete and undesirable and can hardly stand in the light of modern knowledge. However, Darwinism in its broad sense is not wholly thrown away. A great part of his wonderful teaching still stands today, and has marvellously grown in favor during the last decade. Everyone is, of course,

Can the nations approve the method that created the Irish Republic a few years ago? If these same methods were used by races under mandate with the great power, with the great powers surrender and create a republic for races that have proved a menace to their interest.

Why cannot the people in Ireland give the right of vote to the Irish Republic? Let it be proven to the people and governments in all nations; they defend the right of a republic, as stated by De Valera. If they are not willing to make a sacrifice to defend a republic as De Valera calls for, De Valera or his supporters should not have the

The Herald's Scientific Notes and Comments

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1922.

AIRPLANES MUST USE MUFFLER.
Airplanes must not fly over cities with the exhaust open. The International Air Traffic Association, composed of European arial companies, refuses to let British bombers, and a nuisance and at a meeting at the Hague has decreed that motors must be equipped with a muffler. They also have called the attention of the International Postal Union to the fact that, while mail transportation by air is not possible all year long, regular mail service can be maintained from April to September. The matter of simplifying the customs house for international mail is being discussed by the committee of the League of Nations with a view to making international air travel easier.

MAP OF POWDER HORN LOCATES MOST TOWNS.
A map engraved on an old powder horn may lead to the location of the sites of several Cherokee Indian towns in western North Carolina, according to the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution.

The horn, a loan from Hugh Kirk, Newtownham, County Down, Ireland, and dates from about 1750, when the English were beginning to open up the Cherokee region. It belonged to James Grant, member of a company of British soldiers stationed near Charleston and near Fort Loudon and Fort Prince George in the Cherokee country about the year 1760.

That these towns were besieged by the forces of the British, and the map showing the ancient town of Nacoochee and other towns in the region in which the soldier saw service.

MARS NEARING EARTH IN NORTHEAST HEAVENS.
The fiery red planet Mars, due to arrive at opposition to the sun on June 10, may now be seen shining above the southeastern horizon before 6 and after 10 o'clock on the evening of May 31. Mars crossed the meridian about 2 a. m. and on May 31 about 12:40 a. m. (Eastern standard time). Its distance from the earth is decreasing rapidly. It is distant from its nearest approach to the earth for its apparition will be on June 18, eight days after the equinox of the summer solstice. It will then be 42,550,000 miles from the earth. This is the nearest approach of Mars to the earth since the favorable opposition of 1905. At the next opposition, in 1924, the planet will be less than 35,000,000 miles from the earth, which is very close to its least possible distance.

From now on until June 18, when its brightness reaches a maximum, Mars will rival or surpass Sirius, the brightest of the stars, and Jupiter, ordinarily, with the exception of Venus, the brightest of the planets. On May 21 the estimated brightness of Mars will be identical with that of Sirius and on May 22 it will equal that of Jupiter. At that time, Mars will continue to increase rapidly in brightness until June 10, when Jupiter, which passed its opposition to the sun in April, is decreasing slowly. In brightness Mars will equal that of the star, and a little to the west of the meridian.

By July 20 Mars will again be equal to Jupiter in brightness and during the remainder of the summer will decrease noticeably in brightness. Its distance from the earth, however, will be 67,000,000 miles from the earth. It is impossible to mistake Mars for any other object in the heavens at this time, owing to its unusual brightness and its peculiar color. Though it is not now far distant from Antares in Scorpio, the rival of Mars, which strongly resembles it in color, there is no comparison in brightness between the two at the present time. Yet so greatly do Mars change in appearance in different parts of its orbit that they are times when Antares is identical with Mars in brightness, as is also in color.

At its present apparition Mars is so far south that it is not in a favorable position for observation in the northern hemisphere. In the tropics and in northern latitudes are therefore counting on the observed of the southern hemisphere in South Africa, South America and Australia to make careful observations of the markings on the planet. On June 10 and July 10 Mars will be nearly in the zenith in 26 degrees south latitude.

It is now late summer and early fall in the northern hemisphere. Mars and both hemispheres of the planet will be well placed for observation. As it is not the season when the Maritima canals are numerous, observers of Mars are planning to observe chiefly changes in the markings of the planet and the appearance of frost and snow storms and the spread of vegetation in the northern hemisphere. The green color of the southern maria, which are believed to be tracts of vegetation, is expected to be very noticeable in the spring. The north polar cap has disappeared and this, the first of the south polar cap will be very conspicuous.—By Isabel M. Lewis, U. S. Naval Observatory. W. D.

Lynching in Law.
To the Editor, The Washington Herald:
The United States Supreme Court has held time and again that the Fifth amendment expressly prohibits the United States, as such, from depriving any person of life, "without due process of law," and that the Fourteenth amendment expressly prohibits a State, as such, from depriving any person of life "without due process of law." The Constitution nowhere expressly prohibits a mob from depriving any person of life "without due process of law."

Therefore, it is as clear as a crystal that the express prohibitions in the Fifth and Fourteenth amendments against the United States and a State, whereby either is forbidden to deprive any person of life "without due process of law," implicitly forbids a mob from depriving any person of life "without due process of law."

The bulwark behind which the adversaries of Federal anti-lynching legislation have entrenched themselves is the Tenth amendment, which reserves to the States the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to the States respectively, or to the people. The power forbidding lynching is not expressly delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor expressly prohibited to the States; thus it cannot be authoritatively maintained that Congress has not the implied power to prohibit lynching.

Article I, section 8, clause 18 of the Constitution provides that "Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

The United States Supreme Court has also held that "the above provision delegates to the Congress all the powers which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers; that is, the powers delegated to the Congress in article I, section 8, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

By a parity of reasoning, when both the United States and a State both expressly are forbidden to take the life of any person "without due process of law," most certainly a mob should be implied where it is not expressly forbidden to take the life of any person "without due process of law."

Vote in Ireland.
To the Editor, The Washington Herald:
Recognition of the Irish Republic has been a vital issue for the people in the United States made so by Irish-American citizens. The Ireland issue will be a vital issue for the future statements by De Valera, defending the people, will give the right of the people in voting on the Free State treaty proves he fears the people are not intelligent enough to vote on the issue.

The people in Ireland should have the right to vote without military force preventing them. They should have the right to prove they defend the policy of De Valera. They accept the policies of a republic as stated by De Valera. They are willing to make the sacrifices that is demanded for a republic in the future. If the people in Ireland do not have the right of vote, they will be ruled by military force on vital issues. Government that will demand this right cannot be called democracy.

Can the nations approve the method that created the Irish Republic a few years ago? If these same methods were used by races under mandate with the great power, with the great powers surrender and create a republic for races that have proved a menace to their interest.

Why cannot the people in Ireland give the right of vote to the Irish Republic? Let it be proven to the people and governments in all nations; they defend the right of a republic, as stated by De Valera. If they are not willing to make a sacrifice to defend a republic as De Valera calls for, De Valera or his supporters should not have the

The Herald's Scientific Notes and Comments

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1922.

AIRPLANES MUST USE MUFFLER.
Airplanes must not fly over cities with the exhaust open. The International Air Traffic Association, composed of European arial companies, refuses to let British bombers, and a nuisance and at a meeting at the Hague has decreed that motors must be equipped with a muffler. They also have called the attention of the International Postal Union to the fact that, while mail transportation by air is not possible all year long, regular mail service can be maintained from April to September. The matter of simplifying the customs house for international mail is being discussed by the committee of the League of Nations with a view to making international air travel easier.

MAP OF POWDER HORN LOCATES MOST TOWNS.
A map engraved on an old powder horn may lead to the location of the sites of several Cherokee Indian towns in western North Carolina, according to the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution.

The horn, a loan from Hugh Kirk, Newtownham, County Down, Ireland, and dates from about 1750, when the English were beginning to open up the Cherokee region. It belonged to James Grant, member of a company of British soldiers stationed near Charleston and near Fort Loudon and Fort Prince George in the Cherokee country about the year 1760.

That these towns were besieged by the forces of the British, and the map showing the ancient town of Nacoochee and other towns in the region in which the soldier saw service.

MARS NEARING EARTH IN NORTHEAST HEAVENS.
The fiery red planet Mars, due to arrive at opposition to the sun on June 10, may now be seen shining above the southeastern horizon before 6 and after 10 o'clock on the evening of May 31. Mars crossed the meridian about 2 a. m. and on May 31 about 12:40 a. m. (Eastern standard time). Its distance from the earth is decreasing rapidly. It is distant from its nearest approach to the earth for its apparition will be on June 18, eight days after the equinox of the summer solstice. It will then be 42,550,000 miles from the earth. This is the nearest approach of Mars to the earth since the favorable opposition of 1905. At the next opposition, in 1924, the planet will be less than 35,000,000 miles from the earth, which is very close to its least possible distance.

From now on until June 18, when its brightness reaches a maximum, Mars will rival or surpass Sirius, the brightest of the stars, and Jupiter, ordinarily, with the exception of Venus, the brightest of the planets. On May 21 the estimated brightness of Mars will be identical with that of Sirius and on May 22 it will equal that of Jupiter. At that time, Mars will continue to increase rapidly in brightness until June 10, when Jupiter, which passed its opposition to the sun in April, is decreasing slowly. In brightness Mars will equal that of the star, and a little to the west of the meridian.

By July 20 Mars will again be equal to Jupiter in brightness and during the remainder of the summer will decrease noticeably in brightness. Its distance from the earth, however, will be 67,000,000 miles from the earth. It is impossible to mistake Mars for any other object in the heavens at this time, owing to its unusual brightness and its peculiar color. Though it is not now far distant from Antares in Scorpio, the rival of Mars, which strongly resembles it in color, there is no comparison in

NEWEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES & REMARKABLE FACTS

WORLD To BE ALL LAND Some DAY

RECENT study of Mars has proved the theory that some day the land area of the world will be equal to the water area. So it is with Mars, and conditions on the two planets are so similar that the evolution of Mars can now safely be taken as an indication of what will occur on this earth in the millions of years to come. Then will North America be joined with Asia and all land connected.

That this is certain to happen is known through the fact that Mars and the earth, more closely similar in size and climatic conditions than probably any other known planets, are following the same lines in their slow but sure process of evolution. On Mars already the land area caught up with, if it has not surpassed, the water surface, although at one time both planets were but gaseous clouds, which later were transformed into huge masses of water around a solid core. When land appeared above the waters it spread until now, as has been said, its area is equal or greater than the water area of Mars.

The earth is bound to follow the same lines of evolution, although, as the earth is larger than Mars, its development is certain to be slower. It has been figured that, while the earth is older in years than Mars, its development is younger, due to the difference in size. The smaller Mars, transformed from a watery to a solid surface, is now in such an advanced condition of development that it is impossible to determine whether life still exists on our far-away neighbor. Atmospheric conditions would seem to render the existence of life impossible, but then the changing colors of the surface of the planet tend to indicate that life, or at least vegetation, is still flourishing.

BELTS Cause Appendicitis

D. R. MAYO, of Rochester, Minnesota, points out the interesting fact that within the last five years operations for appendicitis have increased over 300 per cent, and he says that this alarming condition is due to the practice of wearing belts instead of suspenders.

Midnight GOLF

GOLF fans in England are so afraid they will miss a game that midnight golf has come into vogue. This is made possible by auto headlights. In a game which took place at Buxton Hall, each of the four players was attended by a "lamp caddy." The rays of the lamp were trained on the direction to be taken by the ball. Many of the holes were done in bogey or less.

What ZERO Is

THE "greatest degree of cold," or "absolute zero," according to scientists, is 459 degrees below zero on the Fahrenheit scale. This figure may not be absolutely accurate, but it is the lowest conceivable temperature compatible with scientific knowledge.

Above this degree of absolute zero all matter, either solid or gaseous, is in a state of vibration corresponding to the degree. At absolute zero all such vibrations would cease and all gases would liquefy.

Folding Stove!

A GAS stove that folds into a recess in the wall will soon be within the reach of any housewife who likes to have her kitchen always looking spick and span. The new contrivance is the invention of a Los Angeles man. It will be especially useful in city apartment houses where miniature kitchens are the rule.

DRUNKARDS Are Now BEING CURED By BEE STINGS

ACCORDING to the recent testimony of various doctors and their patients some really wonderful cures of rheumatism and sciatica have been effected by the sting of the bee. In one case a person crippled by rheumatism for fifteen years was completely cured after he began to keep bees and was continually stung by them, while in another case a lady who had been crippled for four years by an attack of rheumatic fever had bee stings applied to the various affected parts and within a fortnight the stiffness and pain left her feet, ankles, elbows and finger joints.

And there are several authentic cases of people over eighty years of age who have suffered for years from rheumatism being completely cured by this novel remedy.

The explanation lies in the fact that the bee, when it stings, injects a large quantity of formic acid into the body. This acid, as has been shown by experience with hundreds of cases, is the best antidote for the poisons in the system

The INNER WORKINGS of a Modern BATTLESHIP GUN



SECTIONAL VIEW THROUGH THE GUNHOUSE AND DECKS BELOW

GREEN Animals A PUZZLE

WHAT makes some animals green? If any reader knows and will tell he will settle a big dispute now going on among scientists, who have vowed to find out.

Green colorations belong chiefly to insects, worms and reptiles. Whether they get their green hue from the plants they eat or not is a question that has not been conclusively settled, although it has been shown that they will retain their color even when denied all green food.

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THE modern naval gun and the mounting which forms its cradle constitute one of the wonders of man's creative power. The great steel citadel may be said to extend from the top to the bottom of the ship's hull, and inside it is a maze of mechanical devices, each having its work to do, so intricate and complicated that it is impossible to show more than the salient portions.

Primarily there are—first, the guns, of which our ships carry two in each turret; secondly, the gun-house, in which the men are to be found loading, laying and firing the mammoths chained to their will; thirdly, there is situated below this the working chamber, which is crowded with motors, levers, tubes, air bottles, bells, chains and wires for controlling the raising and lowering of the guns and the turning of the turrets. Again, below this can be seen the trunk mains that carry the water under pressure for working the whole.

The vertical trunk then goes downward to the platform deck, where is to be found the magazine of this pair of weapons filled with the cordite charges which propel the shell from the gun. The charges are contained in fabric bags, and these are placed in trays, which in turn automatically place the high explosive in a traveling hoist which carries it up the trunk to the working chamber and thence to the gun-house. At the bottom of this trunk is to be found the shell-room. Here are stored the projectiles for this pair of guns; they are placed in bins which work along to the traveling tripper, which catches hold of the shell and swings it around into the tray. This sends it to the hoist and upwards to the gun-house.

Should the hydraulic and electrical devices fail during the stress of a battle the working chamber is filled with hand gear for shell-hoisting and so forth, and so well are the runners protected that it is believed that a series of point-blank blows upon the armored sides of the turret would fail to throw anything seriously out of gear.

What An INCH of RAIN Means

DID you ever realize that thousands of tons of rain fall even in the smallest showers? When you read in the paper that the precipitation was one inch you probably fail to comprehend just what that means, but if you were told that during the rain 110 tons of water, or 600 huge barrels had fallen on each acre of ground, then probably you would be able to visualize just what had

happened while the little drops came pattering on the roof.

When you reflect that rainstorms often cover great areas and extend for many hours, or until four or five inches have fallen, you can imagine the enormous oceans of water that are precipitated during a storm. You can also get a fair idea of the reason why a so-called cloudburst frequently does such fearful damage.

SUBMARINE Sight-Seeing NOW

"COME down and see the fish," may be a greeting this summer at some seaside resorts. Several watering places are negotiating for the installation of the kiosk-hydro, a new invention, which enables sightseers to descend into the sea.

The kiosk-hydro, which is the invention of an Italian engineer, consists of a circular steel observation chamber, in the walls of which are double water-tight windows. Above these windows are electric lamps of 10,000 candle power, fitted with reflectors, and capable, it is claimed, of projecting light a distance of 1,500 feet when the water is clear.

The chamber has a sloping roof which narrows into a steel tube, through which two staircases, one for descent and the other for ascent, lead to the water level. The upper part of the kiosk-hydro may either take the form of a floating kiosk, rising and falling with the tide, and connected with a pier by a gangway, or it may be part of the pier itself, with the

observation chamber suspended just above the bed of the sea.

Glass half an inch thick is used for the windows, and the steel shell is of the same thickness.

Invents LOCK For BOTTLE

A BOTTLE stopper that may be locked with an ordinary padlock will prove a boon to drinkers who prefer to keep their rare old liquors and vinegars for their own use rather than to make a holiday for the servants.

A Frenchman is responsible for the scheme by which a metal cap may be fitted over the bottle and the contents secured against intrusion.

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COAL Mining MACHINE Does WORK of HUNDREDS of MEN

A MACHINE that will go into a coal mine and take the place of hundreds of workmen has just been perfected by a Pittsburgh man. The machine, which is now being quietly used in one of the largest mines in the Pennsylvania coal district, takes the coal from the face of the seam and loads it on cars, keeping laborers busy taking away the cars.

For years such a machine has been the dream of coal mining companies. It has been needed to solve the increasing problems of coal mining, such as mine disasters, increasing cost of labor, the grow-

ing expenditures for mine equipment, miners' homes at the mines and countless other outlays, of which the average citizen has little realization.

The new mining machine is the development of entirely new principles in mechanical mining. It is the product of H. A. Kuhn, of Pittsburgh, mining and mechanical engineer.

In the early years of his experiments he spent his time discovering fundamentals. He sought a principle upon which a machine would work. He made this a success, and from it built an economical, practical, cheap and "foolproof" machine that does all the work of the human miner; only it does it twenty times as fast and 50 per cent cheaper.

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As the machine stands, it is a structural steel frame, oblong in form, which rests on a steering truck which rides on the floor of the mine. It carries motors for operating the cutting tools and the tools themselves, and it attacks the coal seams in any position, moving up and down, sideways or in any direction the coal seam leads. It also removes the roof slate when necessary.

Electricity or compressed air can be used in operating the motors, and so little power is required that the cost for this item alone is less than 1 cent per ton of coal mined. One peculiar feature of the machine that impressed the spectator is that it seems to be fully as flexible as the human coal miner. It is estimated that

the machine will cut the cost of mining in half.

From the time the machine takes the coal from the seam, cuts it, places it on a conveyor and loads it in a pit car no human hand touches it. With twenty ordinary laborers ten of the machines will produce 1,000 tons of coal a day, as but two men are needed to operate a machine.

More than this, the machine cuts the coal cleanly from the roof to the floor of the mine, leaving both as even as a billiard table, and it takes out in excess of 90 per cent of the coal in the ground, while the best practice of today seldom goes better than 70 per cent of the coal, the rest being lost because of the too great effort to extract it.

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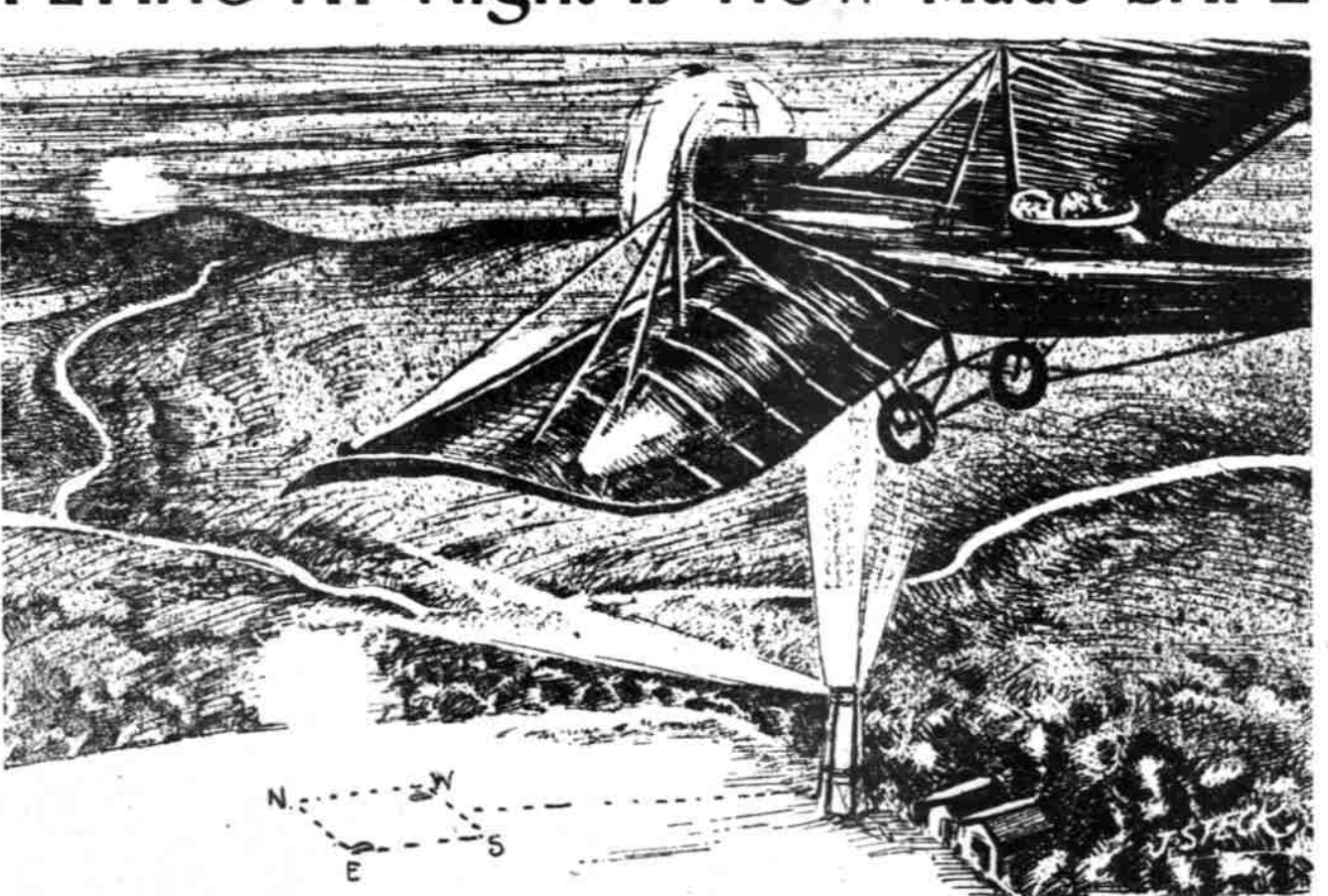
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FLYING AT Night Is NOW Made SAFE



"Neither shall they say, Lo, here! lo there! for, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you."—St. Luke, xvii:21.

Text suggested by the Rev. D. C. Keenan, pastor St. Vincent de Paul's Catholic Church

Estimates for 1924

By BILL PRICE.

THE National Budget Bureau has run the knife deeply through the estimates of the District Commissioners for District needs for the fiscal year 1924, beginning July 1, 1923.

If the House and Senate Appropriations Committees follow their customary procedure and again slash the estimates as sanctioned by General Lord, director of the budget, the National Capital will go backward in serious manner.

Future conditions in the District are anything but optimistic, and it behooves every agency—individual and organization—to bring every possible influence upon the next session of Congress to obtain for the District appropriations in keeping with actual needs.

The estimates of the Commissioners for the next fiscal year, most carefully considered, and with absolutely no padding, totaled about \$27,500,000. General Lord, having before him the estimates of the national income for the next fiscal year, informs the Commissioners that the quota of District appropriations for the next fiscal year must not exceed \$24,000,000. That is, the Commissioners must trim their estimates to that amount, no matter what the sacrifice in street improvements or in general municipal upkeep.

It is a hard blow to the District in the light of the meagre appropriations in the last five years and the backward conditions throughout the National Capital.

Every Congressman and Senator prejudiced against Washington has managed to "get it off his system," to the detriment of the Federal Capital. New schemes for increasing the tax burdens of District taxpayers have been adopted and a spiteful attitude followed in cutting appropriations to the point where, in some instances, the municipal government is working on a hand-to-mouth basis.

That is absolutely true as to streets and roadways. Not only were appropriations for new surfacing for important thoroughfares refused, but the appropriations for repairs for the present fiscal year were cut so low that the engineering department can do little better than stick in a little gravel, tar or macadam here and there, hoping it will last a while. It is wasteful, uneconomical, and all the time the city's thoroughfares are deteriorating until they are already a local and national disgrace.

And this is merely one item out of hundreds that might be referred to.

If General Lloyd's slash was the last one the injury might not be so great. But the same Congressional elements that showed hostility to the District in the past are to be encountered this winter.

The time is at hand when big, broad-minded men in Congress, who really want to see the Federal Capital maintained on a proper basis, must set themselves to the task of compelling the little fish in that body to stop destructive nibbling at policies which, until the last five years, meant the real welfare of Washington people, but for the people of the nation, who would, if they knew the facts, oppose methods which mean retrogression of the worst kind.

Just Like That!

HENRY FORD, who is grooming for the presidency of the Dearborn Neighborhood Club—and of the United States—says that Wall Street is behind every disturbance in the ranks of labor and capital. Get them, he says, of the moneyed interests, and you will succeed in bringing industrial peace.

Nothing like getting the habit of snap judgment and dogmatic utterance to prepare for the responsibilities of the Presidential office.

Great Lawyer and Good Man

LEVY MAYER, who died suddenly in Chicago, was a great lawyer and a good man.

The style was the man. He specialized in corporation law because by instinct and passion he was a defender of property rights. Thus he became an acknowledged authority on corporation law in this country.

He was counsel for many large industrial corporations and banks, and was particularly active in attacking all laws aimed at the validity of property rights.

However, Levy Mayer was not merely a protagonist of wealth as such, but he was equally zealous in the defense of the property of the poor. He expected and accepted very large fees from his wealthy clients. But many a poor person profited from his acumen and zeal by securing his invaluable services without money and without price.

A self-made man, Levy Mayer was not of the kind that might better have left the larger part of that job to others. Indeed, with his tremendous self-won success his life, ended all too early, indicates that America still is uniquely the Land of Opportunity for the man or woman who is willing to work hard and who keeps an eye on the goal.

The Price of Woman's Freedom

MISS ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, in a lecture the other day at Teacher's College, Columbia University, on "New Responsibilities of Women in Marriage," said as follows:

"Women cannot have freedom, equality of rights, economic independence and equal opportunity of self-development with men and at the same time claim from men, as many women, I am sorry to say, are trying to do today, the same kind of privileges that chivalrous and good-hearted men used to give to their mothers, sisters and friends, when those mothers, sisters and friends were absolutely dependent upon them.

This calls attention to the well-known law that all growth has its price. You cannot grow to the vigor of adulthood without losing your baby charm. And the normal person does not care to remain a baby.

Entering upon her new freedom woman gains infinitely. She gains in self-respect, in dignity, in power and in the charm of individuality. She cannot have these gains, of course, without giving up the soft pleasure of being petted and coddled and shielded and babied.

To many women this is a tragedy just as many mothers weep when the little boy discards his kilts and puts on his first trousers. But growth is inexorable. Life is inexorable.

And to the sane mind there is no alarm. For the true woman loses none of her charm when she fully develops her own personality; when she stands squarely upon her own feet.

The true woman is no less a fit mate for a man when she can look him squarely in the eye as an equal and co-operate with him in wholesome partnership.

It is not at all necessary for her loveliness that she cringe as a slave, that she be regarded as a man's private property, a little better than his horse or dog, or even that she be kept in economic dependence upon his generosity.

The normal woman and the woman of the new future will still want most of all to be the wife of the man she loves, to bear him children and to keep his home.

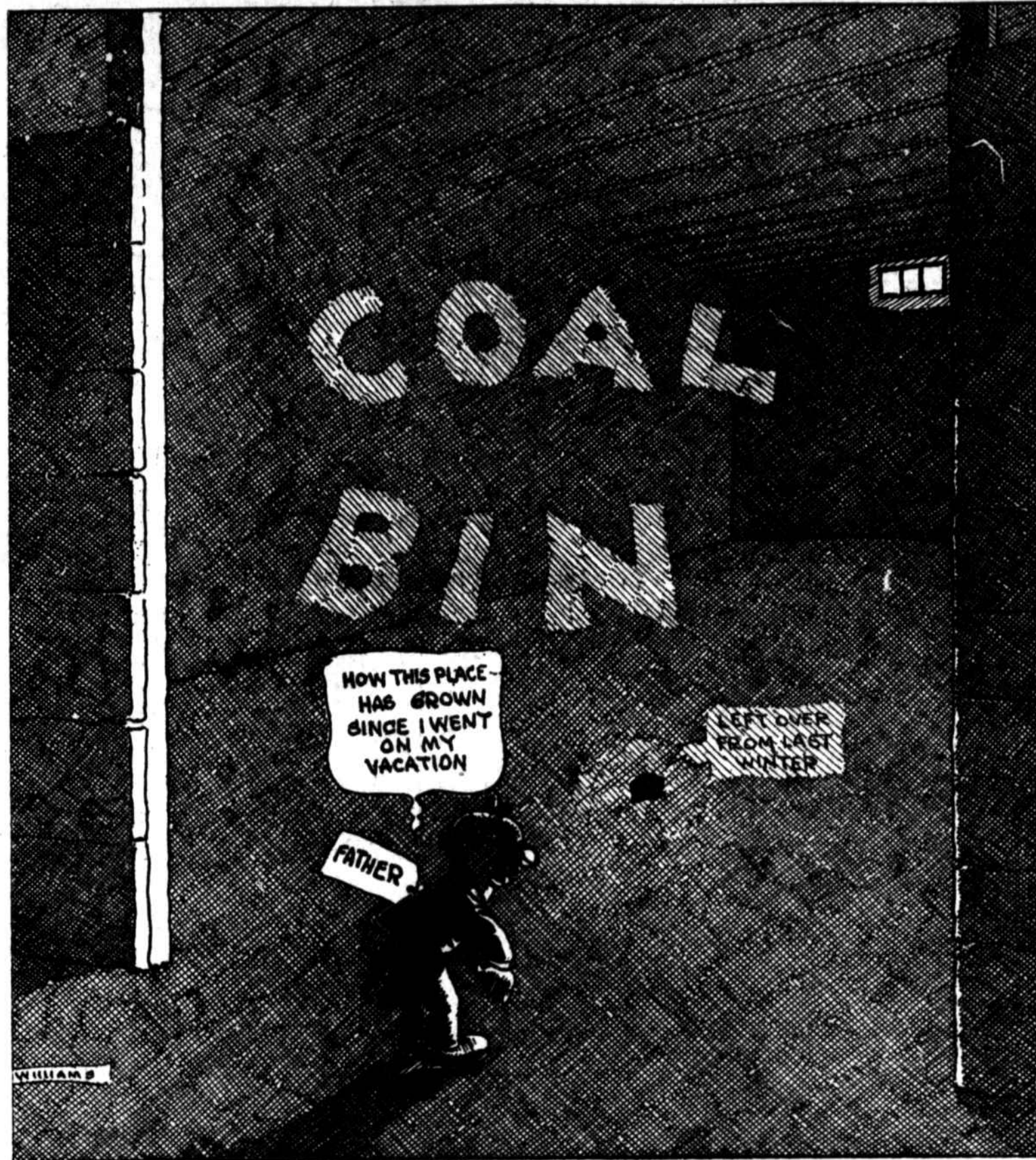
Lloyd George never has gazed upon the Mississippi River.

Mary Pickford never uses a toothpick in public.

Henry Cabot Lodge wears chin whiskers, but not because he thinks they make him look like Uncle Sam.

A Survey After a Vacation

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WAYSIDE WISDOM

(Copyright, 1922.)

By S. E. Kiser



"I was in the White House," said William Henry Peck, "I'd stop the monkey business that's goin' on, by Heck!"

I'd round up all the rascals that shake the public down; I'd stop the highway robbin' of Smith and Jones and Brown; I'd close up Wall Street tighter than any drum, by gum, And have the agitators all sent to kingdom come;

I'd read the law to Congress, and show it who was boss; The profiteerin' coal men would have to come across;

I'd see that everywhere Men's deailn's would be fair, The thieves would git no profits from any worker's loss.

"I'd soon be cuttin' taxes and makin' livin' cheap; I'd git an axe and use it, and make my cuttin' deep; I'd chase out all the grafters, and bring expenses low; The shops would soon be goin' the way they ought to go; The waitin' would be ended; I'd stand no more delay;

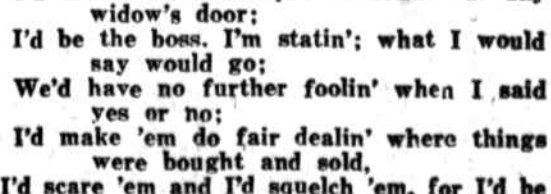
If I was Mr. Harding I'd start things right away; I'd show 'em who was master in this potato patch, I'd stop the greedy rascals and spoil the schemes they hatch;

I'd call a spade a spade, And wouldn't be afraid Of capital nor labor—I'd wallop the whole batch!

"I'd make the people happy from Oregon to Maine; There wouldn't be no reason to worry nor complain; I'd stop big thieves from tryin' to pile up more and more, I'd make the wolf quit scratchin' at any widow's door;

I'd be the boss, I'm statin'; what I would say would go; We'd have no further foolin' when I said yes or no; I'd make 'em do fair dealin' where things were bought and sold, I'd scare 'em and I'd squelch 'em, for I'd be firm and bold—"

But Henry's wife, just then, Called: "Come, I want you, Hen!" And Henry hurried meekly to do what he was told.



FOUR-TOED WOMEN

By "BUGS" BAER

LATEST fashion scare from Paris threatens that women are scheduled to chop off their little toes. Idea is that they can avoid bunions.

HEARD of people chopping off their noses to spite their faces.

BUT never heard of ladies slicing off their toes to spite their corns.

BY cancelling that little pink toe, they can also wear smaller shoes. If they are going to dress by amputation system, they will probably grab their permanent waves on guillotine plazzas.

WHEN women stampted along fashion's boulevard they're harder to stop than windmill in hurricane. No use arguing with 'em, because foot that rocks cradle boots world.

THEY never would listen to extract of opinions. Now it's worse since they pulled their hair down over their ears.

IF they're going to have their toes manicured with butcher cleavers they're liable to have their complexions encouraged with battle axes.

CONGRESS should pass another of their standard, useless amendments to trump this latest attack of stylish surgery.

ARE we to become nation of clovenhoofed blondes and two-toes brunettes?

IN efforts to get perfect figures like Greek statues, they're chopping 'emelves up into companion pieces of Venus of Milo, who looks as much like Hamburger steak as she does like perfect lady.

WOODMAN, spare that toe.

LET 'em bore holes in their ears, slash artificial dimples into their chins, knife all their skin off their faces and open sardine cans with razor blades. But don't allow 'em to chisel their little toes off.

WHO wants to weep at tombstone of beautiful lady and then read inscription stating that monument is erected to her little toe?

SPARE them hoofs.

The phrase "Bulls and Bears" is a common designation in the stock markets for two classes of operators. The "bulls" are those who seek to advance prices, and the "bears" are those who endeavor to bring them down. The terms are said to be derived from the fact that a bull tosses up with his horns, while a bear tears down with his claws.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.

By K. C. B.

THERE'S A friend of mine. WHOM WE call Tony. WHO COMES to see. us. MOST EVERY day. AND WHEN it happens. THAT THE four-year-old. IS ABOUT the place. WHEN TONY calls. IT'S MORE than likely. THAT THE four-year-old. WILL BE enriched. BY A two-bit piece. BUT SO far as he knows. IT'S JUST a dime. FOR EVERY coin. IS A dime to him. AND WHEN he gets it. HE HURRIES away. TO THE corner store. FOR AN ice cream cone. AND LEAVES the quarter. AND HURRIES back. AND SO it was. THAT I sat with him. AND EXPLAINED to him. THAT WHEN he went. TO GET a cone. HE MUST always wait.

TILL HE got his change. AND YESTERDAY. HE WANTED a cone. AND I gave him a nickel. AND HE went away. AND AN hour passed. AND HE didn't come home. AND I searched for him. WHERE THE children play. AND HE wasn't there. AND THEN I went down. TO THE corner store. AND THERE he was. ON A little chair. AT A little table. AND HE explained. HE'D BEEN waiting there. FOR THE longest time. TO GET his change. BUT THE man didn't bring it. AND I took him away. AND TRIED to explain. THAT HE got no change. WHEN HE had a nickel. AND HE doesn't know nickels. AND HE thinks they're dimes. AND THERE you are.

CONTENTMENT consists in wanting to have what you already have, in wanting to be where you now are.

It is not an estate to be altogether envied, for a person in

One woman said she chose Phryne because no one would deny her anything she wanted.

The first prize, however, went to a woman who chose to be just what she was, a happily married woman with a good home.

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THE SPECTATOR

The Most Interesting Person in the World

THE most interesting person in the world is—Yourself.

However much you would like to be in that man's shoes, you would never want to be he.

And however much you might envy another woman's place in society and her wealth, including all her automobiles, clothes and good looks, you would not want to be her.

That is, you do never long to be anybody else, though you may wish to be where another person is, to have what he has, and all that.

You cling to your own personality.

The deepest instinct in human nature is to retain one's individuality.

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature, and all a man has will he give for his life. And that same instinct which renders death the supreme calamity is present in our desires.

Whatever you dream of in your dreams you are always You. You may dream of being in another's place, of looking, acting and feeling totally different from what you are, but underneath it you are always You.

The Roman newspaper, Piccolo, recently has been asking its women readers the question, "Which woman known to history would you rather be?"

All sorts of answers were given, as might have been expected.

EVE was the choice of many women for various reasons; one because she had no rivals; another because she would have been able to change the course of history by hiding the apple from Adam and eating it herself and another because she would not have to hunt for an apartment and would have no bills for children's shoes.

Many of the younger readers preferred the role of Dante's Beatrice.

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such fix would be devoid of ambition.

Ambition is unrest, discontent with our present surroundings. This is the urge that makes us get on, it is the motive power of progress.

So it is difficult to see how contentment and ambition can go together. But, for that matter, life is difficult, and our perpetual problem is to strike a balance between things equally desirable but mutually exclusive.

VERY few people ever get to the state when they can truthfully sing the hymn: "My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this And sit and sing herself away To everlasting bliss."

And it is just as well. For if everybody was in this condition of mind the world would stagnate.

But whether happy or unhappy, it is ourself that is the most interesting person.

I may be worried about your health once in awhile, but it is my health that I think of all the time.

It is my hunger I feel, and my thirst, my poverty and my cold.

It is when you flatter me that I feel good and when you blame me I feel bad.

ALL the problems of other people, of course, affect me somewhat, but as a rule I sleep pretty well except they be my own problems.

The President of the United States, the King of Italy and the Maharajah of Indore may be more interesting to newspaper reporters and to the general public, but they don't occupy my thoughts anything like so much as—ME.

I may say I hate myself. I am ashamed of myself and pity myself. Maybe. But I could not imagine being anybody else than myself.

I may declare that I wish to escape from myself, but if I carefully analyze the impulse I find it really to be not a wish to get away from myself but from my environment. Given other circumstances, say better health, more money and the like, and this same Me could do very well, thank you.

For this reason it behooves a man to learn how to enjoy his own society. For Himself is the one person whose company he cannot flee.

Our Neighbor Mars

By Henry Smith Williams

IF the planet Mars inhabited by living beings more or less like ourselves?

Since 1877, when the sharp-eyed Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, discovered the system of so-called "canals," this has been a moot question. No one as yet can give a definite answer.

Unfortunately, astronomers are not agreed as to what the canal system is really like. Observers who have devoted much time to watching the planet through a telescope, and making drawings of what they saw, produce pictures that do not very closely resemble the image of the planet as shown when a photographic plate is adjusted to the telescope.

Most astronomers pin their faith to the photographs.

In particular, the drawings show systems of straight lines, some of them parallel, that can hardly represent natural phenomena. These do not appear distinctly in the photographs.

At the very best, the astronomer sees Mars rather vaguely. If you look at the moon with the naked eye, your observation of its surface corresponds pretty well with what the astronomer sees of Mars through a fair telescope. It is estimated that the very best telescope does not make the surface of Mars clearer than the surface of the moon viewed through an ordinary opera glass.

The earth's orbit and the orbit of Mars, both elliptical, are not concentric. If you chart the two ovals, you find that they approach each other at one side and separate at the other side. Then if you reflect that the earth goes round its orbit once in 365

days, while Mars requires 687 days to make its circuit, you will see that the two planets play a sort of hide-and-seek game about the sun, in which their mutual relations are forever changing; and you will readily understand that only at rare intervals will they be found both at the same time where the orbits come closest together. They are often enough in "opposition," as the condition is called when the earth is directly between the sun and Mars; but at an unfavorable part of the course the distance of opposition may be about 63 million miles, whereas at best the distance is not much more than half that.

It chances that the time is now approaching when conditions for observing Mars will be more favorable than they have been for almost a century. About a month ago the planets were in opposition. They are now drawing apart; but in August, 1924, they will be in opposition under the most favorable conditions; and it is hoped that the eight-and-a-half foot mirror of the reflecting telescope at Mt. Wilson will give us clearer knowledge of the actual conditions on Mars than has hitherto been attainable.

Perhaps its record will enable astronomers to agree as to whether the so-called polar ice cap, which appears in the Martian winter and almost disappears in summer, is really ice or only vapor. And, in particular, the question of the canal systems should be brought a stage nearer solution. Then perhaps we shall know whether it is worth while for Marconi and others to adjust radio-receiving apparatus to intercept signals that might be sent by the inhabitants of Mars.



WASHINGTON'S RAT CATCHER AND HIS WORK

An Evening With the Master of His Trade Ridding a House of Pestiferous Rodents—Expert Talks on the Points of the "Game."

"GOT yer gun, Ed? I don't think we'll need it, but you'd better bring it along." "Yep, here it is." "Where's the dogs? Here, Sport, Rags, Belle, Cornmeal. All right. Who's got the lantern?" "Bill, and I'm carryin' the ferrets." "Right. Come on then." Three men, four dogs, a lantern, a flobert rifle, and a long leather case go out the back gate together. These are hunters, and they are out for big game tonight. What would our fathers think if they knew that rat catching had become a business, yet that is the errand upon which these men are going this evening.

A Case of Rat Catchers:

The boy is carrying a long case, bound with black leather. It looks exactly like the one a physician takes into the house across the street when he is going to perform an operation. But there are no shining knives or lancets in this case. It contains three ferrets. Queer little animals they are, with long yellow bodies covered with a thin growth of swart hair. Their heads are egg-shaped and overgrown, with close-cropped iron gray hair, as if they had worked their brains hard o' nights and grown gray in the vocation. The head and shoulders are the biggest part of a ferret, and he was made this way so that he might be able to get into a hole easily and keep those free of rats, as it is the ambition of every good ferret to do. Here we are at the house where the rat catchers are to ply their art. Now you will see Mr. Ferret at work.

Manner of the Chase.

It is a large, handsome house, and the family have been away all summer, so the rats have had free run from cellar to attic. The rat catcher has a key, and he and his companions go through the house to the back yard. There are two holes and the leader picks a ferret out of his case and sends him down one of them and the dogs watch the other. Here comes a rat. In a trice the dog has seized him and shakes him from side to side. Over the fence the dead rat goes to an unhonored grave in the alley. There is the ferret standing at the hole; no more rats here, you may be sure. "Ed" plugs up the



Starting the Ferrets.



Waiting for a Victim.

holes and they enter the house. Here is where the chase begins in earnest. The master rat catcher divides up the dogs and ferrets among his companions and assigns to each a couple of rooms. As a rule there are very few holes up stairs, so they go down to the cellar. The "boss" takes the billiard room, where the long table under its rubber cloth looks like a coffin. There is no light except that from the lantern. A ferret is sent down one hole, and very willing he seems to go. The other holes are stopped up and the rat catchers set a dog to watch the open one. Suddenly there is a scampering under the floor, a squeal, and the dog crouches down, every hair erect. Out pops a rat; the ferret is evidently carrying the war into the enemy's country.

"Shake Him Up, Boy."

Quick as a flash the dog is after him, under the chair he shoots, a squeal, a shake and the dog brings his master the dead rodent. Into the gunny sack he goes and the dog lies down in front of the hole, every sense on the alert for another victim. The master rat catcher leaves him and goes into the next room, where he has set a trap. It is an ordinary arrangement of wire, but it differs from the trap the layman might use in the bait. This is a special preparation for which rats have a weakness. A fat fellow is already in the trap and the rat catcher leaves him there.

"You'd think he would put all the rest on to the game, but you're dead wrong. One rat in a trap is bound to draw others. That's why I use this sort of a trap," says the catcher.

Rags is still watching the hole when his master comes back. Now begins the

trying part of the rat catcher's work. He must remain as alert as the dog so that Rags may not kill the ferret in his haste. Very often dog and man will watch a hole for an hour without bagging a single rat. But as a rule the chase is lively and the catchers are busy every moment they stay in a house.

The rat catcher's companions have not been idle and between the three they have caught twenty rodents. Not a bad haul for an hour's work, though it is nothing remarkable, as they will tell you.

"In some big steamers," said the "boss," "I've caught seventy-three rats in one night. You see I often have to go down to the wharf where a steamer is lying and clean her out. It's better sport than this, for the rats come much faster."

Work in Large Buildings.

The visit of the catchers is repeated every night for two or three days; and by that time the house is cleared of rats. They may not have killed every one, but the presence of the ferrets and dogs drives off the rest. In hotels and large buildings the rat catcher stays around all night and uses a large number of traps, ferrets and dogs. He carries a bull's eye lantern and wears huge list slippers. All night long he is making the rounds of his traps, taking out victims, baiting the trap again and setting it. The hotel rat catchers often use a trap set on a piece of wood six inches long and three wide. This is fitted with a powerful spring which brings a thick wire down on the rat's back with crushing force. A trap of this sort will kill a rat instantly. Men who live in this city, however, use a trap which catches but does not kill.

One of the best known rat catchers in Washington is C. E. Jacobsen. He is a veteran at the business and has hunted rats in buildings of every size from the one-story dwelling house to the postoffice building. He is fond of his dogs, and is never weary of talking about their good points as ratters.

"It's strange," said Mr. Jacobsen to a Times reporter, "that the better bred a dog is the less use he is in catching rats. Now take a fine fox terrier, one with a pedigree, and set him after a rat; ten to one he'll turn up his nose and walk off or show no interest in the game at all. But give me a common mongrel, the sort of dog you'd call 'onery,' and let him see a rat. Well, it's odds he goes right after him and nips him, too. I've always thought it must be in the way a dog's brought up. The fox terrier is fed every day at a certain hour and he comes to think his food ought to be brought to him instead of his having to go after it."

"With the street dog it is very different. He has been thrown on his own resources from the moment he was born, and he has had a chance to develop his character. So when he sees a rat and hears a man say, 'Shake him up, boy!' why, he goes after the animal in a hurry."

A First-Class Rat.

"I can tell in a very few moments whether a dog will make a rat or not. I always test them in one way. After I've caught a rat I take my dog into the street and turn the rat loose from the cage. If there's good stuff in that dog, he'll ever make a rat, but he won't need much urging to go after the game."

"There's that dog of mine, Rags; he can smell a rat through a floor. I remember I was cleaning out a big dry-goods store here in Washington, and Rags acted in such a way I knew at once there was a rat under the flooring in one room. I told the proprietor he would have to tear up that floor if he wanted to get rid of the last rat in his store. It was a big floor and made of handsome wood, so you may imagine the proprietor did not want to tear it up unless it was absolutely necessary."

I was so sure of Rags that I told him I would stand the expense if there was not a rat under the floor. "If there is," I told him, "you pay the bill. That's only fair." Sure enough, when the workmen took up the floor they found a nest of young rats comfortably installed in one corner.

"Keen scent isn't the only thing Rags has. In this same store he chased a rat through two of the big sales rooms, under tables and over chairs. He had the rat so frantic that it jumped down a light well to the floor below. Rags never hesitated a moment; down he went right after it and killed the rat after all. He's game, Rags is, and he only weighs three pounds and a half."

A Mistaken Idea.

"I believe many people think we rat catchers sew ferrets' lips together before we start them down a hole. This is a mistaken idea altogether. We never even muzzle a ferret, much less take a stitch in its lips. A rat won't attack a ferret or a dog or a man until they trouble him. I've seen a rat run right over a dog that had cornered him

Dogs, Ferrets, and a Parlor Rifle the Accessories to the Chase—A Profitable as Well as a Fascinating Business—Plenty to Do Here.

The rat sports all claws and teeth to the dog, and he will probably drop it. Like as not the rat will go for the dog after that, and make things mighty interesting for him.

"The best sport I ever had, though, was with ferrets. I had a room which was carpeted with oil cloth and with two glass doors and a window opening into it. I would loose a rat in that room and send a ferret in after him. It was a sight to see that ferret kill, I tell you."

"At first the rat would be a little dazed and wouldn't know where to turn. Then he'd run round the room once or twice, not hurrying, until he'd see the ferret. Then things would be very different. The rat would recognize an enemy at once and seem to lose his head. He would tear round the room looking for a hole and squealing 'murder' and 'help' as plain as if he could speak. We would be watching through the doors and windows and we'd see the ferret after him. There was no hurry about the ferret."

"I don't know how to describe his movement better than to say he leaped after the rat. His long body'd ripple up and down, up and down, as he trailed the rat. Then he'd make one quiet dive and catch the rat by the throat. I've never seen them miss, it was the throat every time. I suppose they must cut the wind-pipe for the rat would make very little resistance. He would be limp in a minute. Then you'd see the ferret begin to draw the blood."

Make Poor Captives.

"You can't keep a rat caged more than three or four days. You see they won't eat what you give them, and they grow weak and die after that length of time. A rat prefers to find what he eats himself instead of having it brought to him. It's odd, too, how fond they are of candy. I've often trapped rats with candy as a bait when everything else had failed. They seem to have a sweet tooth."

"One of the biggest jobs I ever had was cleaning out the White House during President Cleveland's Administration. I worked there for a week or more, and finally drove off or caught every rat about the place. I attribute a great deal of my success to a rat bait I have invented. It acts like a charm in attracting rats, and I've known it to attract them when everything else failed."

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS MEN.

"RETENTIVE memory is one of the actor's most valuable possessions," said Joe Jefferson, the dean of the American stage, at Sandwich Old Home celebration recently. "And by the by, the man who had the most marvelous memory of anyone I ever met was not an actor. That was James G. Blaine, my dear friend. I once spoke in Augusta, Me., and twenty-three years later he repeated the speech to me word for word."

"How did you know it was the same speech?" the venerable actor was asked. "Because I never make but one speech," he replied with his quizzical smile. "It's the same speech always with me."

One of His Few Jokes.

General Grant had the reputation of being one of the quietest men in the Union army. It is said that he very seldom smiled and a man could count the number of times he had joked on the fingers of one hand. In this he was like his prototype, General Lee, who was never seen to smile after the surrender at Appomattox.

The story of one of General Grant's few jokes runs as follows: The general had attended one of Matthew Arnold's lectures, given under Major Pond's management. Arnold spoke in his accustomed low tones to an audience so well bred that nobody cried "Louder!" though occasionally a courteous voice was heard to say, "A little louder, if you please, Mr. Arnold."

Old Dr. Lyman Beecher put his head down and went to sleep and the crowd went away disappointed. As General Grant filed out with the rest, he said to his host of the evening:

"Well, Pond, I've seen your lion, but I couldn't hear him roar."

Who Was Crazy?

Dr. Chapin, the late alienist, was very fond of his joke and he used to tell the following story with great delight:

He was personally conducting a young and beautiful woman from her home to his private institution when a young physician who was known to him entered the parlor car. The young woman patient was of the quiet order, and her malady was not noticeable to the uninformed, save when certain subjects were touched upon. On the other hand, the young physician who joined them on the car regarded himself as a pronounced lady killer. Dr. Chapin introduced them, and after directing the conversation for a moment or two, excused himself to smoke a cigar. When he returned his friend called him aside and whispered:

"Chapin, do you know I believe that young woman is crazy?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the alienist. "What makes you think that?"

"Why, this: I happened to remark upon what a fine man you are, whereupon she replied: 'Well, he ought to be. He's the only really sane man in the universe—at least that is his opinion.'"

One of the most prominent society

pets at Newport this summer is T. Sufferin' Tailer, affectionately known as "Tommy." He is an amateur chauffeur and always drops into the Casino after a "spin." He always tells in his humorous way of the run he has just made. Upon one occasion, after he had given his usual detailed account and conclusion, one of his friends spoke up, saying:

"Look here, Tommy, you appear to be so much surprised at freedom from accidents that it seems to me your tone of voice indicates a regret that you got through safely without killing any one."

The following day he was back again in his old haunt rehearsing his experience, when the same friend dashed in and in an excited voice exclaimed:

"Hurry up, Tommy; get into your automobile quick, there's a Sunday school parade coming up the street, and you've got the chance of your life."

FLOWER HAS A DEADLY ODOR

A TREE hitherto unknown to botanists was recently discovered in a mountain canyon in a spur of the San Jacinto Mountains, in California, down near the Mexico line. It was discovered by a party of prospectors who penetrated the canyon in search of water. A branch of the tree and its blossoms were brought to this city for classification, but it is unknown to botanists in this city.

The leaves of the tree resemble in size and shape the fig leaf, but they are of a vivid purple color and the under side of the leaf is thickly covered with stiff hairs, which stand out from the leaf fully half an inch. These hairs are sharp and thornlike, and easily penetrate the skin, and when they do so they are poisonous, causing swelling and much pain.

The blossoms are as peculiar as are the branches and leaves. They are of a rusty red color and are about two inches in diameter. In shape they are a very good representation of the tarantula. There is a huge hairy bulb, in shape resembling the abdomen of the poisonous spider, and there are several chives, or stamens, corresponding to the legs of that insect.

The most peculiar feature of the plant, however, remains to be told. Whenever one approaches the plant, or when the wind agitates the branches of the tree, the flowers give off an abundance of perfume—heavy, sickening and deadly. This perfume has the quality of chloroform, and a few inhalations of the odor produce unconsciousness. The prospectors who made the discovery of the plant were rendered insensible upon approaching the tree to examine it.

As the plant seems to have no botanical name, two names have been suggested by the qualities of the plant itself. One is tarantula plant, the other chloroform tree.

"ARE THE MARTIANS TRYING TO SIGNAL OUR WORLD?"

IS Mars inhabited by intelligent beings who are trying to signal us?

This question is again brought to the front by the announcement that Prof. Lowell—who of all living astronomers knows most about the Red Planet—has just observed a brilliant projection from the edge of its disk. The brilliant imaginations of H. G. Wells and Camille Flammarion have familiarized us with the possibilities of life on Mars, and no one who has read "The War of the Worlds" can help shuddering slightly when he remembers that such a projection indicated the commencement of that terrifying invasion. Let us be reassured. Astronomers will tell us that, however realistic Mr. Wells' story seemed, it is practically impossible that mankind should ever have to fight for its life against a Martian army, and the hypothesis that what Prof. Lowell saw was the flash caused by the firing of a huge gun at the earth may be put out of court.

It is with less certainty, however, that we can decide that the signal theory is equally impossible. Indeed, one can hardly go so far as to say that it is entirely inadequate to explain this projection, though the improbability of its being intended for our notice and produced by quasi-human agency is considerable. In the first place astronomers admit that the existence of life somewhat akin to our own on Mars is highly probable.

In the nature of things, there is no ground for supposing that the earth should be the only planet on which evolution has run the course which happens to have resulted in producing our noble selves. Setting aside the hypothesis of a special creation and a divine reason for favoring the earth beyond any other planet—which may be true, but is not amenable to discussion by the light of that ordered reason which we call science—we can all see at once that, if all the planets are but cooled and hardened portions of the same original nebula, the real marvel would be not that life should exist on other planets, but that it should have come into being on the earth alone.

"Other Worlds Than Ours."

Similar causes must be assumed to produce similar effects, though man is too apt to think that an exceptional interest and merit attach to the inconceivable planet that has had the honor of bearing him.

If, then, we must assume the probability that there are "other worlds than ours," other sentient beings within the limits of our system, where are we to look for them?

Every argument points to Mars as the most likely place. The outer planets are too far from the sun for such life as we know to maintain itself upon them; in the remote coldness of Neptune or

Uranus only algae or bacteria could live with any comfort, and imagination refuses to conceive a civilized society of typhoid germs. Jupiter is almost certainly still in a state of red heat, and one might as well try to live in a Dutch oven as where mercury swims in the sunbeams. The minor planets, those disject members of a "planet that never was," are barred by our knowledge of physics, which tells us that not even the largest of them can possess any vestiges of an atmosphere; while the smaller ones are so ill-provided with gravitating force that an ordinary man's jump would take him away into infinite space. It would be rash, perhaps, to assume that life without an atmosphere is impossible, but we cannot conceive it.

There remain, then, only our two nearest neighbors, Mars and Venus, as the possible homes of such life as we can imagine to exist in conditions not too utterly unlike our own.

There are grave difficulties in the way of studying Venus from this point of view, and attention has been concentrated on Mars, where some eminent astronomers believe that they have found evidence for the existence of intelligent beings. The evidence is rather thin, indeed, consisting mainly in the demonstration that Mars is suited for the existence of life. In the first place Mars possesses an atmosphere much more rarefied than our own—its pressure is probably not more than two or three pounds to the square inch, corresponding to a barometric reading of five or six inches of mercury—but still conceivably adequate to support life that had been developed in it. Though it had been developed in it, though a man transported thither or a Martian suddenly brought hither would equally be unable to survive without a diving costume.

What Has Been Seen.

This is proved not only by spectroscopic observations which have shown the presence of an atmosphere containing water vapor, but by the regular waxing and waning of the white patches of snow that surround the Martian poles. In other physical respects Mars is essentially similar to the earth, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to see how the human constitution could be modified to live there.

So far the evidence for life on Mars confines itself to asserting its possibility. Direct evidence of its presence has been sought, and, as some hold, with success. This consists mainly in the apparently regular change of certain features of the planet's surface, which is attributed by Mr. Lowell and others to the action of intelligent beings. These are the well known "canals," seen in the best telescopes as a network of lines on the Martian surface, which at certain seasons of the year appear to be duplicated.

Some observers maintain that they are simply an optical delusion—that the wish to see them is father to the ob-

servation. But a little positive evidence in such matters outweighs much negative; if two or three men have seen a thing it is a poor answer that twenty or thirty have not. Hence we are entitled to consider, at least as a working hypothesis, the theory that these singular marks are due to some vast engineering or agricultural operations on Mars.

If, then, we assume the probability of sentient life on Mars, it is an easy step to suppose that its inhabitants may wish to communicate with other planets, just as we should dearly like to communicate with them. Hence it is often supposed that any remarkable appearance on Mars may be a signal to our address. The chief difficulties in thus interpreting such an observation as Mr. Lowell has just made are twofold. The first is that the gigantic size of such a signal for us to perceive it seems to bar the possibility of its artificial nature.

A Flag as Big as Ireland.

Sir Robert Ball says that signaling from Mars to the earth would need a flag the size of Ireland or an electric light as big as London. There is no great exaggeration in such a calculation. Probably the projection which has just been observed is due to sunlight striking a cloud at a height of some twenty miles in the Martian atmosphere, according to the received explanation of similar observations made four or five times within the last generation. But if the Martians are really so far advanced in engineering as to be able to carry out irrigation works on the vast scale that the canals imply they ought to be capable of making such signals; if money was no object even a terrestrial engineer could arrange a system of electric lights that would send a flash as far as Mars.

The second and more powerful objection to the signal theory is that no intelligent message has been sent, whence it is more natural to conclude that these projections are merely accidental cloud reflections. Before we accept the assertion that Mars is signaling, we must wait for something that can be twisted into a message, be it as elementary as the "one, two, three" which Mr. Tesla once found arriving from outer space on his wireless telegraphic receiver. What we have recently learned of the possibilities of wireless telegraphy or of that still subtler form of radiation which is vaguely perceived in the phenomena of telepathy and thought transference, suggests that when Mars tries in earnest to communicate with us it will not be by mere heliography or "flag wagging." We are daily getting wireless messages from the sun; why should not a sentient being send us one from Mars some day? But there is no use in being "too precocious," and one must conclude that there is no ground for supposing that what Mr. Lowell saw was a signal from Mars, though it would be highly unscientific to deny the possibility of such an explanation.

MARYLAND SNAKE STORIES

THE stock of snake stories from Western Maryland is ever on the increase, says the "Baltimore Herald." The great number of these that have been registered, and tagged, and laid aside for future use has led the Western Marylanders to believe that some brilliant ingrate spends all of his time manufacturing thrillers. In the old days when there were but a few original snake stories going the rounds, the people who contracted the habit of inflicting them on their neighbors, told them so often that they became extraordinarily fluent, and, naturally, the oftener the tales were told, fewer and fewer became the facts. It would not do to assert that today all snake stories are based on myths and dreams and visions, etc., but every man has a right to his beliefs. Here are two of the crop of narratives that has been harvested in Hagerstown. The first is taken from the "Hagerstown Daily Mail," and hair-raiser No. 2 was printed in the "Hagerstown Herald."

Residents of the Pine Hills up the C. V. have been startled by the reappearance of the old "razor back" snake, a monster reptile, which has not been seen or heard from for six or eight years, when it terrorized the inhabitants of the Cumberland Valley from this section for miles northward. The snake was of great size that its movements were slow and ponderous, and man and beast ran for life at the sight of it.

It was reported that the snake crawled across the C. V. track up the line, and the engineer of a passenger train who saw the monster thought it was a log placed on the track to wreck the train and stopped. Crawling across a road, the snake left a trail that looked like a sawlog had been pulled through the dust. The snake is credited with doing many wonderful things, not the least of which was the use of spines on its back for cutting through fences and underbrush. The monster, it is said, would go through a fence like a crosscut saw, and caused farmers much loss and worry. When the snake migrated up the valley his trail could be as easily followed as Sherman's march to the sea. Passing through a wheat field, the snake set the wheat in a wave motion, and great quantities of grain were ruined. While the snake was about farmers lived in a state of alarm. Pigs and calves were carried off and devoured by the monster, and even cattle are known to have been attacked by it. The snake could carry off a six weeks' old calf with ease, and one was once sufficient for a meal.

The reptile had been forgotten until the other day, when the dog of a farmer attracted the attention of several persons near Pine Hill, who, on investigation, saw where the snake had crawled through a field and toward the mountain, where, it is supposed, it has a den. The age and size of blacksnakes are

popularly supposed to be exaggerated, but an authenticated case of one recently killed on the farm of Jacob Snively (Locust Grove Farm), near Greencastle, goes far to prove both the longevity and length of this constrictor of the temperate zone.

"The blacksnake referred to was known to Mr. Snively's father. For years the old snake used to sun himself behind a log in the lonely meadow, but always escaped the attacks of the boys. When the snake grew so large that he became a menace to the young calves orders were given to sacrifice any sort of agricultural implement to dispatch him; but it was not until Mr. Snively had grown-up sons that the old snake was finally killed. He measured nine feet in length, and having lived through three generations of men, was presumably ninety years old."

"One variety of blacksnake is known as the razor back man. Mr. Karl, being in the woods, heard one of these snakes following him. He did not run, but when his acute ear told him it was near he turned suddenly and faced it. The snake rose straight up on the tip of its tail and stood face to face with the man, who then broke its neck with a stick he was carrying. This snake measured exactly six feet in length."

HOW TO TALK TO AMERICAN WOMEN

IN AMERICA, writes a female contributor to the "Contemporary Review," though the women have not as yet votes, except in a few States, they have attained a different social position from that which we hold in England, and consequently an American man talks up to us, very visibly taking it for granted that we know as much and have as good a judgment of the subject in hand as himself.

An Englishman, on the contrary, usually talks down to us. He assumes that we know little or nothing, and that our opinions (if we have any) are hardly worth ascertaining. This he does pretty universally to ladies who are strangers to him. Only if he happens to know that the woman to whom he is speaking is the possessor of brains he is apt to treat her in a still more aggravating manner, and to imply, in all he says, that she is not as other women are, "fools and slight," but stands apart from her sex—a very great insult as we must all consider it.

After a certain number of years of the new regime I am convinced that the minds of women will grow larger and stronger, even as their bodies have done in the last forty years by fresh air and exercise, and then a generation will arise in which women will scarcely be called any longer the "weaker sex."

ASTRONOMERS SAY 200,000 SHIRTWAIST "HOWDY" TO MARS WORKERS PLAN STRIKE

Planet Nearer the Earth Today
Than It Will Be for Some
Time to Come.

Learned astronomers who believe Mars to be inhabited are taking the opportunity to say "howdy" to the planet today. The planet is nearer the earth today than it will be again for some time to come, and any person with a voice that can carry 33,000,000 miles can easily exchange the compliments of the season with the Martians.

The planet has reached its nearest point to the earth, and tomorrow morning will begin to edge away until it gets to its greatest distance, something like 61,800,000 miles. Prof. Percival Lowell and other adherents of the theory that Mars is inhabited and has canals and snow storms and a regular procession of seasons that bring vegetation, etc., will give the star their closest attention this evening with the big telescopes in the various observatories throughout the country. It is expected that observations of unusual value will be made tonight.

Mars is one-sixth the diameter of the earth, and the question of whether or not it is inhabited furnishes otherwise perfectly normal scientists with the excuse to indulge in overheated arguments.

Some of the anti-declare Mars has practically no atmosphere, and that the force of gravity is notable by its absence. One scientist, Prof. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, is authority for the statement that if baseball was played on Mars one man would be sufficient for each team, as a hard hit ball would continue to travel around the planet indefinitely until it was stopped. Likewise, he said, that a hard hit home run would probably leave the planet altogether and land on the moon or the earth, or some other contiguous planet.

SIGNAL CORPS WORK AT MILITIA TOURNEY

Field Wireless Station to Be
Erected at Spectacle at
Armory Next Week.

The erection of a field wireless station in a few minutes is to be one of the features of the National Guard tournament at the L street armory next Tuesday and Wednesday.

The signal company of the National Guard has just received a complete wireless outfit from the War Department, and this will be used in the exhibition. The outfit consists of the equipment is built of steel in sections, and can be erected to a height of more than 100 feet. Each section is stayed on four sides, and communication can be established for a distance of about forty miles.

Another special feature of the tournament will be the exhibition of the newest type of machine gun. This gun can be used to throw a jacketed bullet at the rate of 500 per minute in any direction at the extreme range of the modern high-power rifle. By means of interchangeable barrels, only a few seconds is lost when a barrel becomes heated.

The competitive features of the tournament have stimulated great rivalry among the various organizations in the Third Infantry. The tent pitching and wall scaling teams of the various companies have been practicing practically every night in the Convention Hall drill hall.

Major Harry C. Coe, assistant general, who heads the committee of arrangements, announces that the sale of tickets for the affair has been progressing to a point beyond the expectations of its promoters.

Haitian Treaty Given O. K. By Senate Committee

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee today ordered a favorable report on the Haitian treaty. All of the eleven members present voted for the treaty. Six of the committee were absent.

The Haitian treaty practically establishes over Haiti, on the part of this nation, a fiscal protectorate. For months, American marines have dominated the situation there, and have restored order.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

The forecast for the District of Columbia—Partly cloudy and somewhat colder tonight; Thursday fair and colder; lowest temperature tonight about 28 to 30 degrees; moderate, westerly winds; Maryland—Partly cloudy and somewhat colder tonight; Thursday fair and colder; moderate, westerly winds; Virginia—Cloudy tonight; colder in north and west portions; Thursday, fair and colder; moderate northwest winds.

TEMPERATURES.

(U. S. Bureau.)

8 a. m.	37
9 a. m.	37
10 a. m.	37
11 a. m.	36
12 noon	36
1 p. m.	36

TIDE TABLE.

High tide—12:06 a. m. and 12:33 p. m.

Low tide—6:40 a. m. and 5:16 p. m.

SUN TABLE.

Sun rose at 6:57 Sun sets at 5:32

Light automobile lamps at 6:08 p. m.

DO THIS FIRST—YOU!

You know, and every physician knows, that when any sickness has passed, whether it be throat trouble, organic disturbances, contagious diseases, or even a severe cold, a relapse is feared, because sickness robs the system of Nature's resistance and leaves it subject to lingering germs.

Drugs never build up a worn-out body—only food can do that, and the first thing to take after any sickness is the concentrated, blood-making oil-food in Scott's Emulsion, which feeds the tissues, benefits the blood and strengthens both lungs and throat.

Physicians prescribe Scott's Emulsion after sickness. Nurses everywhere advocate it. Scott's is pure medicinal food, without alcohol or drugs.

New York Union Employees De- mand Higher Pay and Rec- ognition of Organization.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Two hundred thousand union waist and shirtwaist makers plan to go on strike here at 2 p. m. today, demanding higher wages and recognition of their union. Thousands of circulars made their appearance in the clothing districts of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth street early today, calling on the workers to leave their benches promptly and without disorder.

Three young women were arrested during a near-riot at the Fourteenth street subway exit. In anticipation of trouble, extra patrolmen were thrown into the factory district. Rose Boronsky, twenty-one; Helen Kasin, nineteen, and Lillian Krowitz, nineteen, put up a savage fight against arrest at the subway exit. They were finally taken to a police station after reserves had quelled the disturbance.

The garment workers' strike is indirectly connected with the impending walkout, it is said.

SENATORS STRUGGLE OVER TWO TREATIES

Republicans, Aided by Clarke of
Arkansas, Are Against Col-
ombia Pact.

Ratification of the Nicaragua treaty and of the Colombia treaty has become a question of imminent importance in the Senate. The fight over the treaties began in executive session yesterday. It will be renewed this afternoon when debate will be resumed at 4 o'clock.

Republican Senators, aided by Senator Clarke of Arkansas, are fighting the Colombia treaty and, to a less extent, the Nicaragua treaty. Not all the Republicans oppose the Nicaragua treaty. For three hours in executive session yesterday, Senators Borah, Smith of Michigan, and Clarke argued against the Nicaragua treaty, which is the one first taken up. A protest has been received from the Salvadoran government against the Nicaragua treaty.

Claims Are Compromised.

The Probate Court of the District today was petitioned to approve of a compromise settlement of claims of Mary A. T. Haulon against the estate of William F. Warriner. The original claims amounted to \$18,242.28, and the compromise accepted by the court was \$11,250. The petition was filed by Richard M. Parker, executor of the Warriner estate.

Hebrew Society Meets.

A meeting of the Perpetual Hebrew Association was held at the home of David Rosenfield, 1317 Teath street northwest last night. Morry Dinofsky presided. The following were proposed as members: Max Fishman, Charles Chidokel, Fred Deckerbaum, Harry Miloff, and Raymond Egan.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c. —Advt.

Sherry 3 Bottles
Port for
Muscatel \$1.00
Angelica
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Quincy St. N. W.
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909.



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Six rooms, bath. Hot-water
heat. Electric Lights.
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H. R. HOWENSTEIN CO.
1314 F ST. N. W.

Close Daily at 6 P. M.

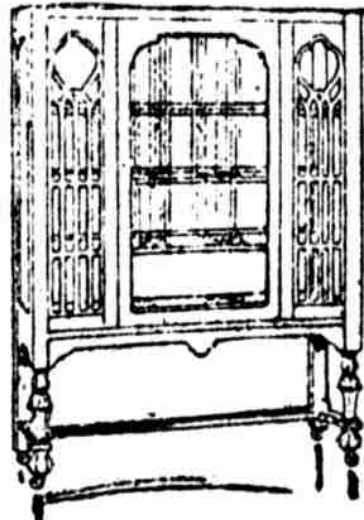
HUB FURNITURE CO.

Close Saturday at 6 P. M.

"Tagged to Sell" Sale

This great sale caps the climax of Furniture value-giving. Goods of unmistakable worth are "TAGGED TO SELL" at ridiculously low prices for the reason that the floor space they occupy is needed for the proper display of incoming lines of New Furniture. USE YOUR CREDIT, AS USUAL, and provide your Furniture needs here now!

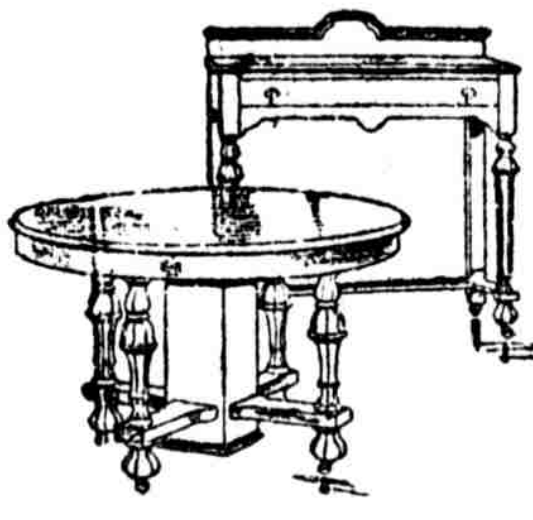
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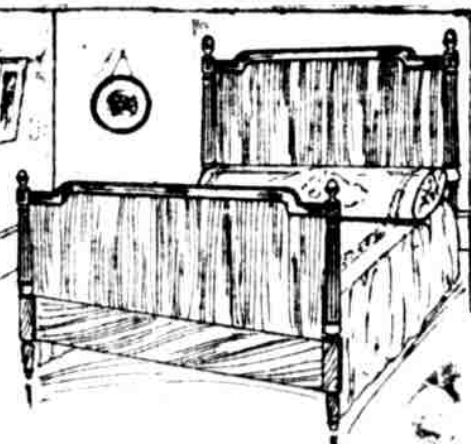
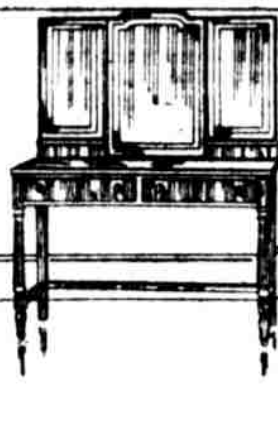
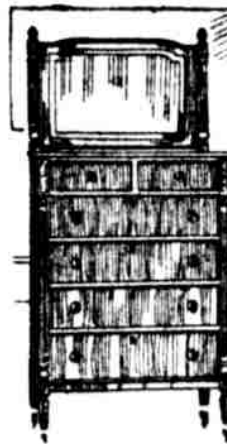
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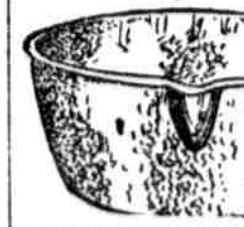


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The Dog Star Flames in Winter

SOON after 9 p. m., Sirius, the Dog Star, the brightest member of the stellar hosts, is glowing on the meridian. The bright star west of Sirius is Mirzam, the Announcer, so called because it rises before Sirius.

LOVE OR A CAREER?

A STORY OF A DECISION MADE AND REMADE
How a Brilliant Future Finally Had to Give Way Before the Evidence of Another Woman.

"THAT will be all for this morning, Miss Harrison," said Graham Ridgely to his assistant secretary.

With a bright nod Beth Harrison closed her notebook.

"Er—Miss Harrison!"

The girl flushed crimson. Her handsome employer was frowning most openly at the sparkling third finger of her left hand.

"Something seems to tell me that I am about to lose my capable little assistant. So—you're engaged?"

"Why—er—why, yes, of course!" stammered Beth.

"I'm sorry!" Graham shook his head gravely. "You're so young and pretty, and there's such a brilliant future waiting for you. Pardon my frankness, but I am more interested in you and your career than in your husband."

"I don't doubt that your young man is a fine chap and all that, but can he give you the things that a girl with your assets ought to get? Take the case of our charming and brilliant Miss Miller, for instance. She came to me at the age of seventeen, shy and awkward. I recognized her ability and encouraged her."

"Today, as our vice president, she is the highest married woman in the city. She's cultured, well-poised and invaluable to us. Spends her vacations abroad. Miss Miller will be leaving us some day. There may be a time when you will follow in her footsteps!"

She walked back to her desk in a daze. Of course, she would return the pretty little ring to Hugh. She gazed at it wistfully. It was only a small stone, but Hugh had insisted that it was a perfect one.

Miss Miller, who was about to enter her private office, smiled cordially. "I just noticed your pretty new ring. Congratulations!"

"Oh, but I shan't be married for years and years!" laughed Beth.

"There's plenty of time, my dear," said Miss Miller. "I was almost apologetic."

"I had an engagement ring once," said Miss Miller quietly.

"The two weeks I wore it were the happiest of my life. Her eyes suddenly filled with tears as she walked briskly toward her office."

Two mornings later Graham Ridgely noted with satisfaction that his assistant secretary's third finger was bare of decoration.

One evening Miss Miller astonished Beth by asking her to walk home with her and have dinner.

"You're not wearing your new ring," inquired Miss Miller.

"No," replied Beth. "I have decided not to get married—that is, for a long time. Hugh is a dear, but I'm afraid he won't rise very far. I want to work and succeed as you have, Miss Miller."

"I suppose I am what you would term a successful business woman," said the older woman wearily. "I wear imported gowns, have a neat savings account and my salary is large. But I'm not altogether happy! Why? Because success and luxury are not everything in this world, my dear."

"I was engaged to be married once. He was very poor, but he was ambitious. He built a cozy little cottage that was everything a girl of my kind could desire. I was only nineteen. My friends wheedled me into believing that I was too young and pretty to marry a poor boy."

"After it was too late I realized my mistake. Five years later my sweetheart died. Finally a rich man came into my life, as my friends had predicted, but he has never spoken of love to me. There are times when I do think he loves me, but rich men, little girls, do not marry women of our kind. It seems unfair, doesn't it?"

Beth kissed her hostess impulsively.

"Oh, Miss Miller, you have helped me so much! You have kept me from making the greatest mistake of my life! I had fully

made up my mind to break my engagement with Hugh, but somehow I didn't have the heart to tell him. The words seemed to stick in my throat. I never returned his ring, although mother and Mr. Ridgely think I have. Mr. Ridgely has increased my salary."

"Bless you, I'm so happy. You've been wise enough to follow your own heart. Mr. Ridgely, my dear, is too busy making money to understand what a big part love plays in our lives. He doesn't know that he is cheating himself."

Beth's heart went out to the lonely, beautiful woman who had befriended her. For she had seen Graham Ridgely's photograph on her desk, and she understood.

HOW TO TREAT PNEUMONIA

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THE treatment of pneumonia has gone through many stages. One may truthfully say that the fashions have changed in the management of this disease from time to time. Today the treatment has gotten down to what might be called a common sense basis.

In the early days the patient was dosed with mercury and calomel and opium. He was also bled and blistered, and at one time was given drugs of what is known as coal-tar group in order to reduce the fever. Then in modern times serums and vaccines have been tried out, but their use has not been attended in general by brilliant success.

As to the fever, that is now-days regarded as a defensive reaction on the part of the body cells. It is the manifestation of an antagonism on the part of these body cells to the invading bacteria. Therefore it is best not to lower the fever unless it runs very high indeed. In that case we resort to the tepid sponge bath. An icecap to the head may be serviceable.

The windows of the sick-room should be kept wide open, regardless of atmospheric conditions. The room temperature may be 65 degrees Fahrenheit, or even lower.

The diet should consist of milk, junket, gruel, broth, eggs, lemonade, orangeade and other fluid or semi-fluid substances. Cool water should be given very freely.

The administration of oxygen sometimes makes the breathing easier, lessens sluggish circulation in the veins as shown by blueness of the lips or finger nails, and conduces to sleep. In proportion as it has these effects it aids in conserving energy.

There is something in the belief on the part of the public that the robust man is likely to have a harder battle with pneumonia than the frail. It is in these too robust types that a little blood letting is at times by the modern physician.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

The first essential in washing gloves is to use a good soap—preferably one rich in fats. The gloves should be washed upon the hands in lukewarm water—hot water disintegrates the dressing of the leather and impoverishes the gloves. Hard rubbing should be avoided. When clean, rinse in fresh lukewarm water, but do not rinse all the soap out. Above all, do not attempt to dry your gloves quickly and avoid placing them near a fire.

Partly remove the moisture with a towel, and let them finish drying gradually in the open air for preference or in a warm room. When dry draw the gloves through the hands gently to soften them.

DRAWN BY
NELL BRINKLEY

The Debut of Spring



THERE is a line that says, "Winter lingers in the lap of Spring." Well, there are days, too, when Spring, little blossom-hung, green-scarved Veridis, ventures out of a tree bole and invades Winter's domain. There are lazy, sodden days when even a New Yorker can smell the soft Chinook, can scent Spring flowers from far off, when the air is sweet and languid; those are the days when SPRING puts on skates and comes onto the ice. And vigorous young King WINTER, he comes along spluttering in

his fur and diamonds, his glittering crown of ice, his Russian boots, and skates rings all around her! For he's an old hand and can cut his name in the ice, and jump four barrels, and make a grapevine, and spin like a teetotum—and Spring is an amateur. Sometimes he falls with a crack for the pretty little thing, swings closer and closer, with ringing steel, and at last is at her feet. Then Spring stays. Those are the days when "a young man's fancy" lightly turns to bungalows, a car in the country, and love.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

FOR LITTLE LADIES

By Rita Stuyvesant.

ATTRACTIVE coats for the little ones are much in evidence. A smart outfit of Harding blue and gray includes an attractive top coat of blue duvet de laine with smart raglan sleeves and collared and cuffed in squirrel fur. It is double-breasted and interlined. Gray Canton crepe furnishes the lining. The coat is unbelted and falls only to the knees. To complete the outfit the young lady wears a close-fitting turban of squirrel with a top crown of the blue. Gray suede leggings and gloves lend a note of style.

This outfit might also be fashioned of forest green velour with beaver trimming or it would also be smart in henna with seal fur. For general wear there is nothing better looking on a child than a tan polo coat. A well tailored model is made either with raglan shoulder or set-in sleeves and buttoned close about the throat. The child of ten or twelve will welcome a warm collar of beaver, raccoon or opossum.

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foretelling the dread storm are the symptoms of women's diseases which point the way to physical and mental breakdown. The nervous irritability, the backbone, the dragging pains, are not only hard to endure, but they bring certain knowledge of collapse unless something is done to relieve the suffering. There is one standard remedy which has shown the way out for nearly fifty years. The women who have "come back" through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound present an argument stronger than words could ever be.

Life's Big Moments

By Beatrice Fairfax

WE only seen bits of Isabella's work," said my friend Neva with warm generosity as she spoke of her fellow-artist. "But I know she is going to do big things. Those bits promise so much. I'm sure they express Isabella and her potentialities."

I wish more of us could remember to judge our friends by the bits which are often so big. "In the bright moment of promising" we are our truest and best selves. It is not always possible to keep to our best moments. Sustained effort is difficult to maintain. But if our moments could be strung on a chain, wouldn't they total an exquisite perfection greater perhaps than our biggest single achievement?

It isn't possible to judge any human being by one deed—either good or bad. Life isn't made up of shining moments—or drab ones. We humans are not all black or all white or even all gray. We are black shot with white, or white with touches of ugly blackness. But it is our white, shining moments which promise the wonderful things we may yet become.

Suppose a man's work often falls of the high mark his best has set for him. What then?

Recently a writer was under

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THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

"TO get something for nothing is all that I ask," so said silly young Billy McGee. "and you may think this wouldn't be much of a task; but it seems quite a problem to me." He devoted his life to the goal he had set and refused every offer to dig, saying "Something for nothing no doubt will come yet, and I'm sure it will be something big! So it would be but foolish to wear myself out digging ditches or pushing a pen, when at last my fine scheming must win without doubt, and I'll travel with millionaires then!"

Oh, the years sped away while young Billy McGee kept aging a little each year, and although it seemed strange, Billy never did see the hopes he had cherished draw near. At the far rainbow's foot is a bright pot of gold which Friend Billy strove nobly to gain; yes, he kept right on trying until he grew old, kept on building new castles in Spain. To get something for nothing was always a lure that poor Billy had not strength to resist; it's too bad doctors haven't discovered a cure for the folks who love moonshine and mist. For the folks who keep hoping from daylight till dark they will come to a turn in the road, for the people insisting that life is a lark, those who won't bear their share of the load. Yes, a cure is what's needed when men blame their luck, when "something for nothing" they cry, when they set a plain toiler to running amuck with brimstone and fire in his eye. And although they pursue it with might and with main, their system will never work out; they're a slogan that brings them just worry and pain, and 'tis time they were facing about.

Let's never be afraid to acclaim a man for one good job. Let's never fear to believe in a woman for one flashing white moment. For though that moment may be only a glimpse of the best—it may also be the promise of the future.

This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the destruction of the U. S. battleship Maine, in Havana harbor, in 1898, which led to war with Spain and the freeing of Cuba from the domination of tyrannical masters.

DON'T BE FOOLED

KNOWLEDGE IS BEST ANTIDOTE TO SUPERSTITION
Prof. Serviss Has Hopes That Human Race Will Eventually Distinguish Between Science and Charlatantry.

By Garrett P. Serviss,
Famous Astronomer and Writer
on Scientific Subjects of
Popular Interest.

"The contention is that in 1924 Mercury and Mars will be in conjunction with the earth, and the result of this combination will be that the earth will experience some hardships. Can you tell me if those planets will have this undesirable effect upon the earth, and, if so, can the human race eventually overcome these influences, or will we always have them? How often do these planets come in conjunction with the earth?—A. P. M., Pittsburgh."

I HAVE hopes that the human race will eventually overcome the influence of its own tendency to be easily fooled, and will learn how to distinguish between science and charlatantry. The ominous prediction to which you refer is of kin with innumerable similar vaticinations by which the minds of millions of men and women have been disquieted in every age.

The conjunction spoken of will occur, but, as far as it is concerned, the earth and its affairs will go on exactly as they did before. These varying configurations of the planets have been occurring from time immemorial, and they have never had the slightest influence upon the events of the course of any man's life, except for the indirect effects resulting from the tendency to accredit "horoscopes."

It is the misfortune of astronomy that, owing to the appeal to the imagination of many of the phenomena with which it deals, it involuntarily furnishes material from which soothsayers may construct systems of fortune-telling that easily impose upon marvel-mongering minds.

Knowledge is the best antidote to superstition, but a little, misdirected knowledge, like a small dose of poison, may stimulate the very thing to which it is essentially opposed. You can figure out for yourself, with sufficient approximation to satisfy your mind of the regular recurrence of conjunctions of all the planets with

the earth, by employing two well-known rules, which I shall state after having first explained what is meant by such a conjunction.

Only the inner planets, i. e., Mercury and Venus, which are "inner" because they are nearer to the sun than the earth is, and consequently revolve around it in orbits enclosed by the orbit of the earth—only these two planets can, technically speaking, be in conjunction with the earth. They are in that position when they are in line or nearly in line between the earth and the sun.

When Mars, an outer planet, is in line with the earth and the sun, the earth is the middle body of the three, and Mars is said, then, to be in opposition, i. e., opposite in position to the earth. What is really meant by saying that, on the occasion in question, Mars and Mercury will be in conjunction with the earth is that Mars will be in opposition to the sun at the same time when Mercury is in conjunction with the sun.

Now for the way to tell when any planet will be either in conjunction or in opposition. For convenience I borrow these rules from Moulton's "Introduction to Astronomy," but you could easily derive them for yourself from mere arithmetic relations:

Let P be the sidereal period of the planet's revolution (i. e., the actual time that it takes to make one trip around the sun); let A be the sidereal period of the earth's revolution (365 days), and let S be the planet's synodic period meaning the time required for it to pass from one conjunction, or opposition, to the next. Then we have for our rules:

"1-S equals 1-P minus 1-E, for an interior planet.

"1-S equals 1-P minus 1-P, for an exterior planet."

The first rule will tell us how often Mercury is in conjunction. Thus: Mercury's sidereal period is eighty-eight days, and the earth's sidereal period is 365 days. Therefore, the synodic period of Mercury is 88 days. Then, S, representing Mercury's synodic period, we have from the rule, 1-S equals 1-88 minus 1-365. Now, work that out and you find that S equals about 116 days. This shows us that, starting from any known conjunction, Mercury will, on the average, again be in conjunction about 116 days later.

In like manner the time that elapses between two successive oppositions of Mars can be taken as 687 days. The equation will then be (S standing this time for the synodic period of Mars): 1-S equals 1-365 minus 1-687. This worked out gives us, for the value of S about 778 days, so that the average period from one opposition of Mars to the next is about two years and forty-eight days.

These figures, as already indicated, are only approximate, for two reasons: first, because we have for simplicity employed only approximate, for two reasons—first, because we have for simplicity employed only round figures for the revolution periods, and, second, because, owing to eccentricities of the planetary orbits, the length of the synodic periods varies somewhat. In the case of Mars the period varies in the extreme as much as six weeks.

Mercury's conjunction with Mars occur, on the average, every 101 days. Combining these various periods you can readily find out about how often the earth, Mercury and Mars will be in line with the sun.



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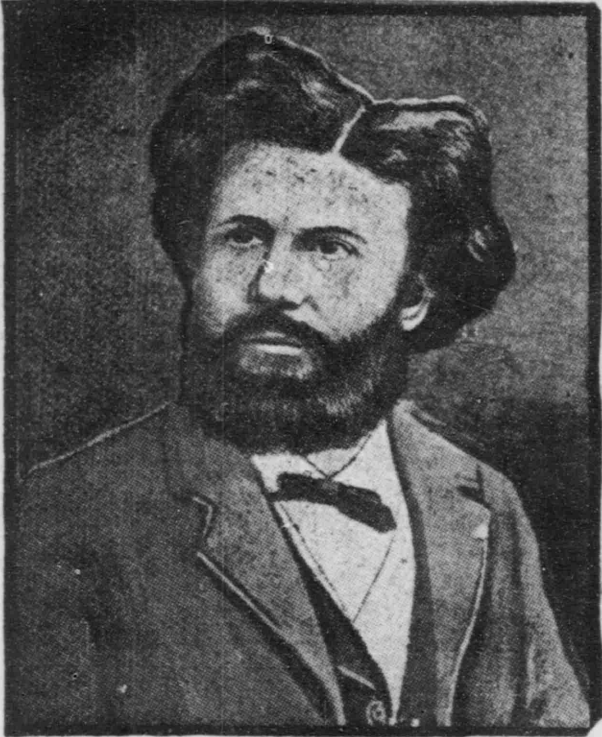
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IRRIGATING AN ARID WORLD

LIFE SUSTAINED ON MARS
THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF ITS
WONDERFUL CANALS



Camille Flammarion

FANCY a company of Martian laborers, imported from their distant planet to dig the Panama Canal. How the dirt would fly! Digging such a little ditch would be a matter of merely a few weeks' exercise. Each Martian, according to the most recent estimates of scientists, could toss over his shoulders two and a half tons of soil at a shovelful—and the supreme achievement of the race is canal digging.

For the giants of Mars are canal makers through stern necessity. It is not for purposes of commerce that they have lined and ribbed their dying planet with a vast system of waterways. Only through the most gigantic network of canals conceivable are they able to keep life in their arid world and provide sustenance for themselves.

Scientists now declare that the many lines and dark spots on Mars represent verdure along a most wonderful canal system, which the inhabitants of the planet have constructed for purposes of irrigation.

Through these artificial waterways the melting snow and ice of the poles are carried to various parts of the planet, and so the Martians are able to raise their crops in season and to stay, for a time, the menacing dry decay of their world.

SEVERAL of the greatest present-day astronomers—Lowell, Pickering, Flammarion, Morse and others—have practically agreed on the theory that Mars contains no rivers, lakes, oceans or any other source of water supply than the great caps of snow on the north and south poles.

In the summer time, when the people must produce vegetation of some kind, the melting snow from those extremities of the sphere is carefully, systematically coaxed through artificial waterways to the furthest sections where it is needed. The Martians even make the water run up hill, it is declared.

Among recent contributions to the learning of nations on the subject of Mars is the result of thirty-four days' study of the planet made in the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., by Professor E. S. Morse, member of the American National Academy of Sciences.

Of course, Professor Morse believes that Mars is inhabited. The astronomers all do, now. It is with relation to how the inhabitants live that his investigations are of value.

He goes on the assumption that Mars is a very old planet—millions of years older than this earth; that with the gradual flattening of her hills and filling in of her valleys, combined with seismic disturbances, she has retained none of her great bodies of water so necessary to life, and that her people would perish if their ingenuity did not every year bring water at critical times from the poles.

In one important matter Morse disagrees with some of the leading astronomers—with respect to the weather conditions in Mars.

Other authorities have stated that the atmosphere there is perfectly placid, so much so that when the weather becomes cold enough to cause frost and snow, the settling of the flakes cannot be considered a storm, only an accumulation.

But Morse is said to have become convinced that winds sweep over the surface of Mars; that there are dust storms on its deserts—in short, that it is a world in many respects like ours.

But most tragic of all the deductions which the astronomer has made from his thirty-four nights in the observatory is that Mars is making the greatest fight for existence ever recorded—the attempt of a planet to hang on to existence after its resources for the sustenance of life have been exhausted.

And the way in which this is done is the perfecting of a canal system.

The curious markings on the face of Mars which are now accepted to be canals were first discovered by Professor Giovanni Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, many years ago. Of the recent studies as to the meanings of these lines, by far the most important have been made at the Lowell Observatory.

"The lines of Mars are," Professor Morse says, "almost without exception, geologically straight, uniformly so—and this is in spite of their leading in every possible direction. They invariably begin and end at definite places."

As to the meaning of the lines, the scientist believes that they cannot possibly be earthquake fissures, because Mars long since ceased to show any activities which might have caused cracks in her surface; and the old ones would have been long ago eliminated. Therefore he thinks it perfectly reasonable to suppose that they were designed for a definite purpose—

to conduct water from those regions where water is found for the purpose of irrigation.

He admits that he had not been a believer in the idea of canals on Mars when he began his study; he desired to acquire all his information relating to the subject at first hand.

"As to the existence of water," he says, "one has only to consider the polar snowcaps. In the height of the southern winter the snowcaps measure more than 200 miles across, covering 55 degrees of latitude unbrokenly. As the spring advances the snow begins to melt, disappearing rapidly as summer comes on, its place being taken by dark patches of water."

Some time ago actual photographs of the Martian canals were taken at the Lowell Observatory by C. O. Lampland. This was a wonderful accomplishment, considering that the nearest point of Mars is 35,000,000 miles from the earth, and even when the atmosphere is clear enough to permit a view of the fine lines, the dancing rays of nebulous light make it almost impossible to see with distinctness.

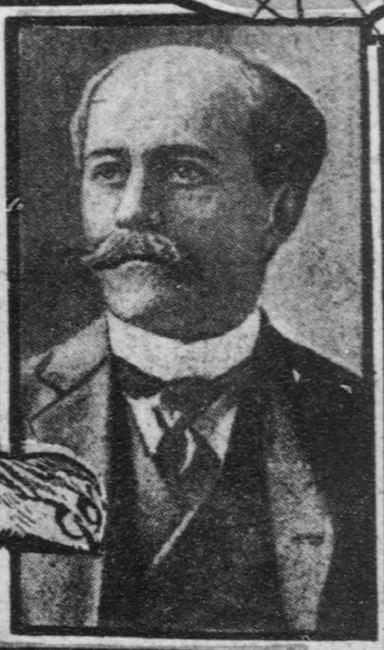
The photographs in themselves were small and of little worth pictorially, but it has been possible from them to make a chart of the Martian canals which may be accepted as practically correct.

But even when the atmosphere is perfectly clear, the canals are not visible all the year round. In fact, they appear and disappear with seasonal regularity. Some critics have used this fact as argument against the lines being really canals; for, they said, if it be assumed that a finite power dug the canals how can we account for that power's foolishly filling them up again?

This, Professor Percival Lowell, non-resident professor of astronomy at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, explains in a novel way. The strips which we see, says Professor Lowell, are not really the canals, but are strips of vegetation



Surface of Mars
Showing the Lines
of the Canals.



Prof. Percival Lowell



Prof. W.H. Pickering

tre. Such exceptional accuracy of form points to a mind which directed the power that wrought the change.

Ordinarily—leaving the lines out of the question—the surface of Mars, as revealed by the telescope, consists of spaces of two different colors—some orange, others blue-green.

A few years back the blue-green spaces were considered seas, and were christened by various names. The orange parts, on the other hand, were presumed to be continents.

Changed are these old physical geography notions. Now the blue-green spaces are practically known to be the vegetation created by the annual inundation from the canals, while the orange spaces are called deserts.

In other words, Mars is all land, except that the parts which sometimes show up blue-green have water in them at one season of the year, while the orange parts are continuous deserts.

What are the spots where the canals interlace? Professor Pickering's polariscope has apparently dispelled the idea that they are lakes.

Professor Lowell, who has located 185 of these spots, is said to be of the opinion that they are oases, and that they are each spring irrigated by the canals, which approach them from different directions.

"Whatever constitutes the canals," said Professor Lowell recently, "it is evident that their development proceeds from the pole down the disk, and, furthermore, that it advances over the surface at a fairly regular rate."

"It starts at the summer solstice; that is, it follows the melting of the polar cap. In consequence of the water then let loose, the canals come into being."

Professor Lowell believes that practically the only source of water supply for the planet is about the poles. So long as the sun remains over the equator there is no water.

On Mars the vegetation spreads from the poles, because the snow must melt and the water flow into the canals before verdure can grow. And in this connection Professor Lowell has made one of the most astounding of all his statements. He says:

"The quickening proceeds rapidly, and very nearly, if not quite, uniformly down the disk. It takes the darkening only five days to descend from the seventh-fifth parallel to the equator, a journey of 200 miles. This means a speed of fifty-three miles a day, or two and two-tenths miles an hour. And it does this in the face of gravity."

In fact, in plain language, the astronomer declares that not only does human intelligence in Mars dig the vast canals thousands of miles in length, but that, by some mysterious method, it causes the water to run up hill!

Professor Camille Flammarion, who has made a careful study of the planet, has been for several years watching the snowfalls on Mars. He believes that the Martian seasons may be subject to as many vicissitudes as ours, instead of being actuated by the exceptional constancy hitherto attributed to them. He agrees that the canal systems are artificial and were constructed with a view to irrigation.

What manner of people are these who do such remarkable things? Obviously, a quite different kind from the inhabitants of this earth.

According to the best authorities, founded on the most recent investigations, the Martians are a creature immensely more powerful, physically, than earth mortals, even earth giants. This is deduced from the lesser pull of gravity on Mars.

A Martian could run 100 yards in three or four seconds, could leap over a high tree, could kick a football a quarter of a mile.

Because of the lesser attraction of gravity he may be at least three or four times as big as the average human being, perhaps even much larger; than that. Another thing which, perhaps, adds weight to this belief is that, on account of the rarefied air on Mars, a Martian must require three times as much lung space as an earth mortal to get enough air to live; and his body must be proportioned accordingly.

Bodies on the planet Mars weigh but a third as much in proportion to size as they do here; so it is believed that a Martian laborer could perform as much work in a given time as fifty or sixty terrestrial ditch diggers; that he could handle two and a half tons of dirt at a shovelful. So his annual irrigation work may not be as difficult as it seems.

The Martian year is much longer; in fact, nearly twice as long as ours. It takes Mars 687 days to travel on its orbit around the sun.

The next few years may see the secrets of Mars disclosed as never before. It is conceded that in the clear light of the earth's South Pole telescopic observations may be made with unprecedented success, and that Philippe Berrier, a wealthy Argentine citizen, is planning an expedition which, headed by three Americans, will start toward the South Pole in June with this end in view.

Today

Old Plutocracy in Luck.
What Will Mars Teach?
\$100 Changed to \$800.
Trotzky's Blue Eyes.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

(Copyright, 1921.)

Old Mr. Plutocracy is to be congratulated on his enemies. As usual, just as he is worrying about the Socialist Party, that party breaks in two. Its most energetic members head their announcement, "Farewell to the Socialist Party," and are off on a considerable undertaking, the establishment of a soviet government, on the Russian plan, in this fair land. There won't be any soviet government, so that does not count. But there probably won't be many, if any, Socialists elected to office, and that does count for Old Plutocracy's comfort.

In 1924 this world will make a desperate effort to talk to its smaller, much older, sister planet, Mars. Imagine an old dwarf sitting trying to talk to her big baby sister, the latter too young to understand or pronounce clearly, and you see the situation. You have tried a hundred times to make a young baby understand and answer. Marconi says Mars is trying to make us understand now. He has noticed the wireless attempts.

It is certain that within a time not far distant, as time goes on earth, other planets sufficiently developed in our solar family will talk to us. Mars, millions of years older than ourselves and nearest to us, will be first, presumably, to teach us, as older sisters teach the younger. Once in fifteen years Mars comes very "near." The distance in 1924 will be only thirty-five million miles.

At first we shall simply know that Mars is trying to make us understand, as when you snap your finger at a baby and gurgle. The language they use on Mars is inconceivably different from our own. In the millions of years they may have dropped language and learned to communicate thought direct. That would make it harder. But they probably could talk our baby talk to us.

They will teach us first, probably, to harness nature's force, as we teach babies to walk first of all. Imagine how slowly a baby would learn it all through life it had to work everything out for itself, unable to ask questions. Imagine how rapidly we shall advance when an older planet is able to tell us all it knows, and perhaps threaten us with electric bombardment, painful, but not fatal, if we persist in going to war or opposing the poor after being told that it is wrong.

It is perfectly natural, in our minds, for a parent to say, "If you slap each other, mother will whip you." Just as natural for old Mars to say to young Earth, "I have told you what is wrong. If you persist in it I'll punish you all alike."

This writer will ask H. G. Wells, whose imagination equals the tale, to rewrite the "War of the Worlds," product of his mental infamy, and tell of what Mars might do for us. He wants what is impossible among us uneducated savages—world society. He might get in Mars a governor to bring us up in the right way.

Chester, great French cook, wires Frank Munsey that he is leaving London because the Englishmen know nothing about eating. They want bacon, kippers, and other atrocities. OMELETTES FINES, HERBS means nothing to them. It's an old French complaint. Voltaire said England had only one sauce and many religions. He preferred France with many sauces and only one religion.

Chauncey Depew tells this little story: His first \$100 he put in the Peeksick Savings Bank sixty years ago and never took it out. Recently he remembered it, looked it up, and found the \$100 had grown to \$800 at a very low rate of interest. He is going to leave it there "out of sentiment." What could be more beautiful than sentiment, you ask, and pass on to this question: How rich will one of the richest families in America be in sixty or a hundred years if they keep some modest amount—say \$250,000,000—doubling and redoubling during that time at the modern fashionable 7 per cent interest rate?

At this moment, Government has rearranged the income tax, as the New York Times truly says, to give great relief to men with biggest incomes, comparatively little relief to little income holders. Some day when the billion-dollar fortune becomes the ten-billion-dollar fortune, Government may feel that the big fortune is strong enough to carry its share of the load.

It is enlightening to read in Senator France's careful description of Leon Trotzky: "He is of the type known to the anthropologists as the tall blond type of man, without suggestion of the dark oriental type; his eyes are blue," etc. As head of Russia's army, and thus far victorious against attack by half the nations of Europe, Trotzky ranks among the great fighters of history, and as with practically all of the world's 1,000 first men, you find him with blue eyes.

(Continued on Page 2, Column 5.)

WEATHER

Fair tonight, Tuesday increasing cloudiness. Moderate temperature. Fresh northwest winds becoming moderate variable tonight. Temperature at 8 a. m., 63 degrees.

NUMBER 12,015.

Published every evening and Sunday morning. Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1921.

THREE CENTS EVERYWHERE

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY

FINAL HOME EDITION

MILLIONAIRE STOKES DENIED DIVORCE

Ku Klux Czar Aims to Amass Huge Fortune

KLAN BUYS WATERS OF RIVER FOR \$10 PER QT.

Revenue From Polluted Stream Flows Into Coffers of Imperial Officials.

To the already stupendous total of takings of the Ku Klux Klan, amounting to \$20,650,000, Major C. Anderson Wright, former grand goblin, discloses today an addition of \$3,500,000.

This \$3,500,000, Major Wright says, is derived from the sale of "canned spirits," which is nothing more than ordinary dirty water taken from the Chattahoochee river in Georgia.

It is put up, Major Wright says, by Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Klansman of the Invisible Empire, and sold to the local Klansmen all over the country at \$10 per quart can.

Thus Major Wright, up to date, has shown a total intake for one year of \$24,150,000, all of which has come out of the pockets of the innocent members.

Major Wright tells of conversations he had with Clarke, in which the latter told of his dream of becoming the richest man in the world—richer even than Rockefeller.

In articles to follow, Major Wright will delve still further into the profit-making schemes of the leaders of the sacred order "that rides in the night."

By C. ANDERSON WRIGHT, Former King Kleagle, Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and Chief of Staff Invisible Planet, Knights of the Air.

"I will be the richest man in the world before many years I will have more money than Rockefeller, and the Atlanta banks will refuse to take any more of my deposits, just as the Detroit banks refused to take more of Ford's. And, C. Anderson, if you stick to me I will make you a power in America, but if you falter I will crush you as I have crushed others."

Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Klansman, Imperial Kliff and Chief of Staff of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, was telling me of the possibilities of financial exploitation of the Klan. The conversation took place on Clarke's palatial estate, on the outskirts of Atlanta.

Visions of Huge Profits.

On many occasions he discussed the enormous profits derived, and to be derived, from the numerous articles that could be sold by Imperial order to the Klansmen throughout the nation. He added:

"My canned spirits alone will bring a small fortune."

What are these canned spirits? This is one of the biggest of the jokes on the gullible members of Ku Klux Klan, Inc.

The "canned spirits" are just water.

(Continued on Page 3, Column 5.)

How "A No. 1" Celebrated Hobo, Wood and Wed a Rich Banker's Daughter.

This will be one of the striking features in The Washington Times Next Sunday Morning

D. C. Girls Going On Stage Together
Ethel and Edith Hallor Will Appear in Vaudeville Act Soon.



ETHEL HALLOR.

ARMS MEET TO GUARD RIGHTS OF BOLSHIEVIKI

"Moral Trusteeship" Over Russia Will Be Observed, Say Parley Officials.

By HARRY L. ROGERS, International News Service.

The November conference of world powers in Washington will observe a "moral trusteeship" for the interests of Russia in the absence of any recognized Russian representative, it was officially announced today.

This policy with regard to Russia was disclosed by the State Department today in declining to receive representatives of the Far Eastern republic to the conference, as recently requested by them.

The American Minister at Peking, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, was instructed to convey informally to the representatives of the Far Eastern republic the following outlines of policy in connection with the conference:

"In the absence of a single recognized Russian government, the protection of legitimate Russian interests must devolve as a moral trusteeship upon the whole conference."

"It is regrettable that the conference, for reasons quite beyond the control of the participating powers, is to be deprived of the advantage of Russian co-operation in its deliberations, but it is not to be conceived that the conference will take decisions prejudicial to legitimate Russian interests or which would in any way violate Russian rights."

"It is the hope and expectation of the Government of the United States that the conference will establish general principles of international action which will deserve and have the support of the people of Eastern Siberia and of all Russia of reason of their justice and efficacy in the settlement of outstanding difficulties."

ARBUCKLE PARTY COST \$3,000



EDITH HALLOR.

HARDEN CANCELS LECTURE TOUR IN UNITED STATES

Attack of Heart Trouble Causes German Editor to Give Up Intention.

By FRANK E. MASON, International News Service.

BERLIN, Sept. 19.—Maximilian Harden, Germany's most famous journalist, has canceled his proposed lecture tour of the United States.

Herr Harden was to have sailed on the liner George Washington September 17, but he announced today that heart weakness has compelled him to forego his plans. He was under contract to deliver lectures in many cities in the United States.

While the editor's cancellation of his American contract was attributed by himself to failing health, it is understood there were political reasons.

German officials who professed to know the atmosphere in Washington said Harden would not be welcome.

GIRL STAR SURPRISES HER 'DAD'

Ethel Hallor Eager to Reconcile Mother and Father, Second Precinct Policeman.

Ethel Hallor is at home again. The blond-haired eighteen-year-old daughter of Policeman William Hallor, of the Second precinct, who has been so busy starring on the stage and in the movies since she was eleven years old, slipped into Washington Saturday afternoon and completely surprised her father, whom she had not seen in six years.

"Girl's Place With Mother."

"I am more interested now in bringing about a reconciliation between my mother and father than I am in my stage career. That is what brought me to Washington. I am here to see my father, and I won't give up until our family is reunited."

"It almost breaks my heart for my parents to live apart. I love them both, but I believe a girl's place is with her mother."

"My mother recently taught me a lesson by having me brought into court because I spent too much time with a set that she called 'fast.' I'm at home now for keeps. I'm eighteen now, and mother realizes that a girl these days is grown up at eighteen and should know her own mind. My father says I never will be anything but a little girl," said Miss Hallor.

When Ethel called Saturday night at No. 2 police precinct to see her father, members of the police force who knew her when she was a child recalled many intimate stories of her antics at the old station.

"I was the first to pick you out for an actress," boasted Captain Peck. "When you were five years old you used to come down and beg me to let your father off to take you to a party or a show. When I objected you would begin crying, and what could I do but let him off?"

Picked by Peck.

"Back in those days I used to say, 'Hallor, that's the finest little actress in this country.' I knew then that when you grew up you would play a regular part."

Ethel is elated over the idea of being back in Washington. She will remain only a few days before returning to New York to rehearse with her sister a sketch the two will put on shortly on the Keith circuit. They will appear at the local Keith house within the next six weeks.

While Ethel was telling the reporter this morning of her plans, her father appeared two blocks away. She forgot the thread of her story and began blowing kisses at him. She met him on the sidewalk and took possession of him.

"Isn't it a shame our family is divided?" she exclaimed.

"I've been so busy with my stage work that I have never had any time to play. My first appearance was when I was six years old. I won the prize in a costume affair here in Washington. I was dressed as 'The Washington Times girl.'"

"Ever since that costume contest, I have been busy appearing in amusements."

(Continued on Page 2, Column 5.)

STOKES SEPARATED BY COURT

New York Millionaire Denied Divorce, But Wife Wins Separate Maintenance.

By International News Service.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—The sensational legal battle between W. E. D. Stokes, capitalist, and his pretty young wife, Mrs. Helen Elwood Stokes, ended in the supreme court today, when Justice Edward R. Finch dismissed the millionaire's suit for a divorce and granted Mrs. Stokes an interlocutory degree of separation on her counter suit.

Justice Finch, in his decision, a lengthy and carefully reasoned opinion, however, refused Mrs. Stokes' plea for a divorce, but granted her separate maintenance.

"Concerning Mrs. Stokes' counter claim, it is plain that a great deal of what she testified to has been exaggerated, if indeed, some of it really happened at all. This is known by the fact that these occurrences are not entered in the body of the diary which she relied upon, but are placed only in the margin of the book and are only referred to by stars placed in the regular portion of the diary."

In addition, while Mrs. Stokes was suffering this cruel and inhuman treatment, as alleged by her, she was writing most endearing and affectionate letters to her husband. Mr. Stokes, however, did not take the stand, contenting himself with the announcement of his counsel that he did not wish publicity to take issue on the question of veracity with his wife.

Separation Granted.

"In consequence, while making due allowance for the exaggeration and unreliability of the testimony of the defendant (Mrs. Stokes), there yet remains sufficient evidence upon which to find a decree of separation, especially in view of the fact that the testimony has not been contradicted."

Forty-nine cents of every dollar the consumer pays for goods represent the cost of service, Congressmen Sidney Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Commission of Inquiry, said today.

"The consumer blames the middleman for the extent and cost of this service, such as packing, transportation, selling, and advertising, but the middleman says that he is only giving the consumer what the consumer wants when he wants it," said Chairman Anderson.

KU KLUX KLAN PARADE FORBIDDEN IN CHICAGO

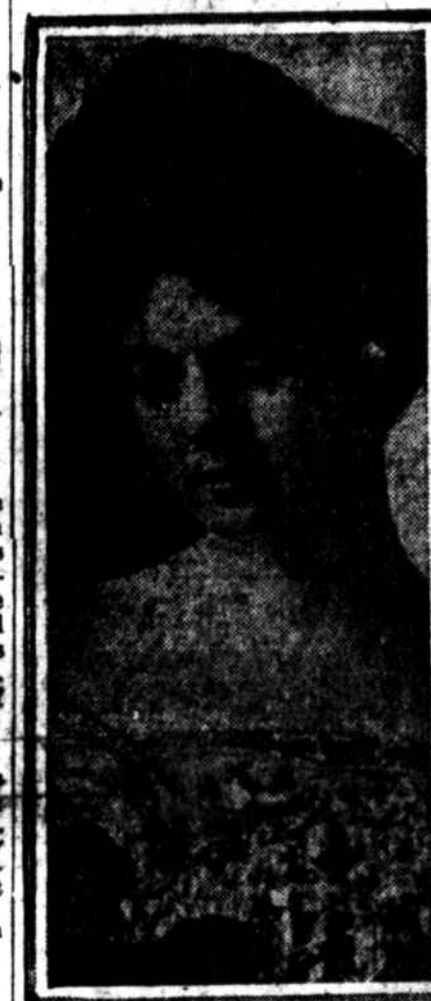
CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—The Ku Klux Klan will not be permitted to parade in Chicago.

Chief of Police Fitzmorris has issued a statement declaring the police will prevent any demonstration on the part of the secret organization. The statement added that he had been sounded out by the organization on the subject of parading.

Harding to Speak in College.

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., Sept. 19.—President Harding will be the principal speaker when Dr. J. A. C. Chandler will be installed as president of the College of William and Mary here on October 19, it was announced today.

Granted A Separation From Her Wealthy Husband



Mrs. W.E.D. Stokes.

STEEL MILLS IN CANTON INCREASE OPERATIONS

CANTON, Ohio, Sept. 19.—Increased activity in all of Canton's steel mills and steel product concerns was noted today. The Superior Sheet Steel Company announced that beginning today operations would be on a full 100 per cent basis. The Stark-Berger plant increased the number of hot mills in operation from fourteen to twenty, and is now working at 90 per cent of capacity. The Canton Sheet Steel and United Alloy companies both increased the force of men engaged.

BOOTLEG LIQUOR KILLS ONE; TWO MADE BLIND

ELKTON, Md., Sept. 19.—A traveling bootlegger who disposed of part of his goods a few days ago in Chesapeake City is being sought by the authorities to answer for the death of a man and the blinding of two others.

The bootlegger, who died this morning after suffering great agony.

Two other men in the town who purchased the same kind of liquor are completely blind and are in a serious condition.

Caddell was about 60 years old and leaves a family.

TWO BALLOONS IN TROPHY RACE COME DOWN IN WALES

CARDIFF, Wales, Sept. 19.—Two of the balloons which left Brussels in the race for the James Gordon Bennett trophy Sunday afternoon had landed in Wales before noon today. The Banhees came to earth at Sarnau, six miles from Llanelli. Another landed at Llanelli.

A third balloon was seen moving toward Fishguard on the Welsh coast. Fishguard is 430 miles from Brussels.

PARIS, Sept. 19.—A French balloon that started at Brussels in the race for the James Gordon Bennett cup has landed near Brighton, England, according to a dispatch this afternoon.

Tin Plate Works Reopen.

McKEESPORT, Pa., Sept. 19.—The McKeesport Tin Plate Company at Portville is operating its entire plant today. Several thousand old employees were taken back. Resumption was started at midnight.

\$2,600 WAS SPENT FOR RUM IN 3 DAY REVEL

Fatty's Hotel Gayety Proven Expensive as Police Check Up Liquor.

By ELLIS H. MARTIN, International News Service.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19.—Further steps in the preparation of the State's case against Rescoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle awaited today the testimony of Dr. Arthur Beardslee, one of the first physicians to attend Virginia Rappe, with whose murder the famous film comedian stands charged.

Physician Located.

The physician, located in Monoco county, one of the most remote sections of the State, where he had gone on a hunting trip, arrived here early today to answer a summons from District Attorney Matthew Brady.

His answers to two questions will materially affect the status of the case. He is the only witness in the case whose story has not been told. This questions he will be asked to answer are:

What was his diagnosis of Miss Rappe's illness?

What treatment was given?

Dr. Beardslee is understood to have attended Miss Rappe much of Monday night two weeks ago. It has been rumored the defense counts heavily upon his testimony, although as far as is known they are as ignorant of his nature as is the state.

Rehearsal Reveals.

District Attorney Brady and his assistants, Leodore Golden and Milton U'Ren, today had in mind a complete reconstruction of the scenes that attended the gay hotel party which was followed by the death of the pretty film actress, pleading together the story as told by the party's dramatic personnel.

They dramatically rehearsed the events that led up to the alleged attack.

The rehearsal took place behind locked doors, but it was learned today that it had provided the state with valuable leads.

Other over-Sunday developments included:

The arrival of Minnie Durtée Arbuckle, wife of the prisoner, in charge of Arbuckle's attorneys, who refused to permit her to talk.

District Attorney Brady, wired Salt Lake authorities to intercept Lowell Sherman, member of Arbuckle's party and material witness, upon receipt of word from Los Angeles that he had departed for the East.

Announcement that at least two witnesses would be heard by the grand jury tonight in connection with that today's inquiry into charges of "witness tampering."

Two new women witnesses, whose names were withheld, were questioned.

Subpoenas Issued.

District Attorney Brady expressed great surprise at the report reaching him that Lowell Sherman, actor friend of Arbuckle, was departing the jurisdiction of the State. He announced that all witnesses from now on will be kept under surveillance, and with this in mind, wired District Attorney Woolwine of Los Angeles, requesting that its Fort Louis, Fred Fishback and Al Semmacher be carefully watched to

Coming! A Voice from a Dead Empire, the Most Amazingly Human Historical Document Ever Published, to Be Announced in Next Sunday's Washington Times!

The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aimst at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1882.

New Series—Vol. I. No. 27.

The Watchman and Southron.

Published every Tuesday, BY THE Watchman and Southron Publishing Company, SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum—in advance.

Advertisements: One Square, first insertion, \$1.00

Every subsequent insertion, 50 cents

Contracts for three months, or longer will be made at reduced rates.

All communications which are not private letters will be charged for as advertisements.

Obituaries and notices of deaths published free.

For job work or contracts for advertising address Watchman and Southron, or apply at the Office, to N. G. OSTEN, Business Manager.

F. H. FOLSON, L. W. FOLSON.

F. H. FOLSON & BRO.

Native-born Southerners.

ESTABLISHED 1868

Practical Watchmakers and Jewelers,

Main Street, opposite John Reid's,

DEALERS IN

Watches, Clocks,

GOLD AND PLATED JEWELRY,

Spectacles, Silver and Plated Ware,

FISHING TACKLE,

Sewing Machine Needles, Oils, Etc.

General Repairing done at Conscientious

Prices.

Give us a call and be convinced.

Oct 25 3m

GRAHAM'S STABLES,

REPUBLICAN STREET,

JUST ARRIVED

One Car Load of

CELEBRATED

Old Hickory Wagons,

Manufactured by the Kentucky Wagon Man-

ufacturing Company, of Louisville, Ky.

They are made of the best material, by

skilled workmen. Every wagon sold guar-

anteed for 12 months. They run lighter, and

are in every respect as good as any wagon

made, while at the same time their price is as

low as wagons of inferior grade.

Also, on hand, a fine assortment of

BUGGIES.

OF ALL STYLES AND GRADES.

At prices to suit the times.

JUST ARRIVED ONE CAR LOAD OF

Fine Kentucky Horses,

some of them extra good drivers—selected

with care for this market.

Oct 25 W. M. GRAHAM.

CHERRY AND DARLINGTON AND CHERRY

AND SALISBURY RAILROADS.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, TRAINS

ON THESE RAILROADS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS—

every except Sunday.

Leave Sumter 8:00 a.m.

Leave Sumter 9:00 a.m.

Leave Sumter 10:00 a.m.

Leave Sumter 11:00 a.m.

Leave Sumter 12:00 p.m.

Leave Sumter 1:00 p.m.

Leave Sumter 2:00 p.m.

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Leave Sumter 8:00 p.m.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA R. R.

ON and after Jan. 1st, 1882, the following

schedule will be run on this Road:

NIGHT EXPRESS AND MAIL TRAIN (Daily)

(Nos. 47 West and 48 East.)

Leave Wilmington 10:15 p.m.

Arrive at Florence 2:20 a.m.

Leave Florence 2:50 a.m.

Leave Sumter 4:00 a.m.

Arrive at Columbia 6:10 a.m.

Leave Columbia 10:00 p.m.

Leave Sumter 12:03 a.m.

Arrive at Florence 1:34 a.m.

Leave Florence 1:52 a.m.

Arrive at Wilmington 6:20 a.m.

Leave Wilmington 6:20 a.m.

Leave Florence 6:20 a.m.

Leave Sumter 6:20 a.m.

Arrive at Columbia 6:20 p.m.

Leave Columbia 10:00 p.m.

Leave Sumter 12:03 a.m.

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Leave Florence 6:20 a.m.

Leave Sumter 6:20 a.m.

Arrive at Columbia 6:20 p.m.

[For the Watchman and Southron.] THE DRUMMER.

Like a ship upon the ocean,

We meet, we speak, we part;

Laden with goods of every kind,

From every clime and mart.

All kinds of customers we meet,

The shy, the tough, the free;

He that buys heavy and fleet

Is the man we like to see.

Drummers large and drummers small,

Drummers both lean and fat,

Drummers short and drummers tall,

But some with a very bad hat.

There are hotels, too, of every grade,

Some dirty, some neat and clean.

There the drummer lies down to sleep

And of turkey and oysters dream.

In the morning to the table he goes

With appetite sharp and keen,

When alas! to his sorrow he finds

It is nothing but a dream.

In Sumter town the boys do stop

With Jerry so jolly and kind,

With plenty of turkey and oysters hot,

Just suited to our mind.

Then on the ocean of time we speed

And never forget our trunk.

Of care and sorrow we take no heed

But are always on the jump.

Here we meet, and shake, and part

To meet again no more;

But we hope all to meet again

On the Everlasting Shore.

[From the Sentry.]

MARS.

BY P. A. TOWNE.

The planet Mars is now one of the

most conspicuous objects in the heav-

ens. It is east of the great planet

Jupiter, near the two stars, Castor and

Pollux in the constellation Gemini.

Next to the earth, Mars is the most

interesting planet in the solar system,

in several respects. When nearest to

the earth it is less than forty million

miles from us, and it happens that

it is then at the most favorable point

for telescopic examination. Venus

comes several million miles nearer the

earth than Mars, but it then presents

a narrow crescent, like that of the

new moon to our vision; whereas

Mars when nearest the earth presents

his full disk to the observer. But the

point of greatest interest to us, so far

as Mars is concerned, is the fact that

its physical characteristics greatly

resemble those of the earth. The

torrid zone of Mars is about fifty-four

degrees wide; that of the earth being

forty-seven. Its poles are twenty-

seven and a quarter degrees from the

polar circles, making each temperate

zone thirty-five and a half degrees

wide. The day in Mars is only forty

minutes longer than our own, and its

year contains six hundred and eighty-

five of our days, or a little over six

hundred and sixty-six of its own days.

Its diameter is about 5,000 miles, its

mean distance from the sun 144,-

000,000 miles.

Powerful telescopes and patient ob-

servations have demonstrated the fact

that Mars is composed of land and

water, but that the preponderance of

land surface is very great. Astron-

omers have, in fact, been enabled to

construct a map of Mars, which can

be studied as we study the map of

our own earth. Its two largest

bodies of water are called Dawes

Ocean and Delaware Sea; in the latter

of which is a conspicuous island.

Dawes Ocean, in outline, much re-

sembles the continent of North Amer-

ica. Mars contains four continents

named Herschel, Dawes, Madler and

Secchi. These continents lie along

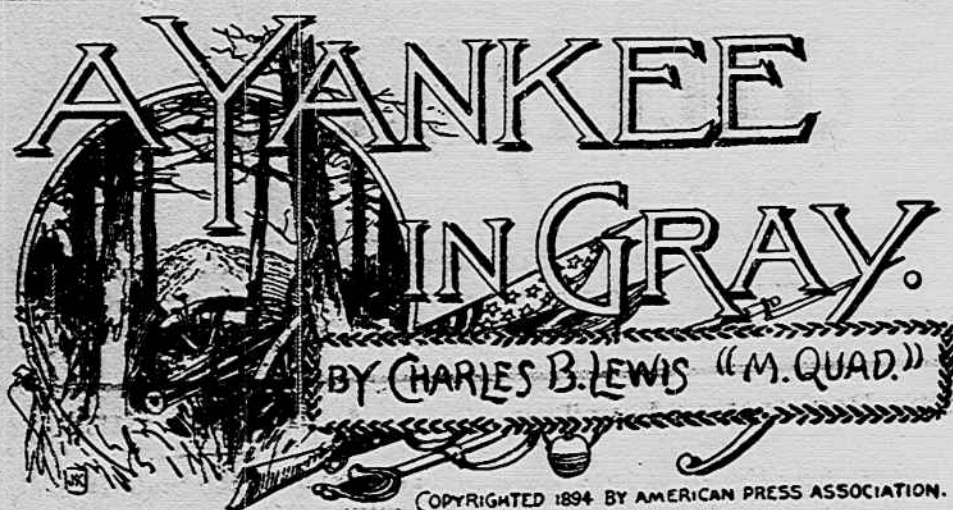
its equator, at about equal distances

from the poles. The mass of land

Public parks are numerous, but every tree or vegetable they contain is cultivated because of esculent rather than ornamental properties. Mars is the intensely red planet of our system, and why may not its color be ascribed to the artificial expedients that have accompanied its advancing steps in civilization? The number of inhabitants on Mars cannot be less than ten trillions, and it is therefore impossible that the color of the planet can be ascribed to its natural vegetation.

Astronomical works now have new matter to add to former accounts of Mars. In the month of August, 1877, Mr. Asaph Hall, of Washington, by the aid of the most powerful refracting telescope which has yet been constructed, made the discovery of two small satellites of Mars. At that time Mars was nearest the sun in its orbit around that luminary, and the earth most remote, while the three bodies were in a straight line. Hence Mars and the earth were at their least possible distance from each other. A systematic observation of the planet was begun, and resulted in the discovery of the two smallest planetary bodies connected with the solar system. The satellite Deimos moves around Mars in thirty hours, eighteen minutes, at a distance of 12,570 miles from the surface of the planet. Its diameter is only six miles. The satellite Phobos moves around Mars in seven hours thirty-nine minutes, at a distance of 3,783 miles from the surface of the planet. Its diameter is seven miles. Deimos is then the smallest celestial planet whose diameter has been measured, and Phobos moves around its primary planet in less than one-third of the time it takes that body to turn upon its axis. This last fact is at variance with the ideas we have hitherto been able to entertain of the law of the formation of celestial bodies. Whilst the sun appears to move over the sky of Mars in a slow day of more than twenty-four hours, the satellite Phobos makes its complete revolution in less than one-third of a day. From this it must be a fact that Phobos rises in setting and rises in rising, that is, it appears to rise in the west when really it should be setting, and to set in the east when it is really rising! It passes under Deimos and eclipses it from time to time, goes through all its phases in eleven hours, each quarter not lasting even three hours. What singular "world!" It has two kinds of months, one a little shorter than the day of Mars, the other one-quarter of that day.

It has been suggested that the two satellites, Deimos and Phobos, are two asteroids that have been attracted to Mars quite recently and have become moons by accident rather than by laws established on the nebular hypothesis of Laplace. Though this supposition is not necessary to account for their recent discovery it is by no means unreasonable. More than two hundred asteroids are now named. Their diameters range from eighty to two hundred miles and it is likely



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CHAPTER XX.

Kenton made no reply to Steve Brayton's inquiry, but the latter noticed a look on the young man's face he had never seen there before. The Virginian by adoption had pursued the course he thought was right. He had done his duty under all circumstances and had been thoroughly loyal to the cause which he espoused. Those beside whom he fought had made every attempt to degrade and disgrace him and drive him out of the service. If he had not enlisted, he would have been called a traitor and driven away from his home with bodily injury. He had joined the ranks to be suspected and denounced. As the case now stood he could not leave the southern cause without being returned on the rolls as a deserter. If exchanged, he would be put on trial, and he realized that enough influence could be brought to bear to further disgrace him.

"Look yere, Yank, what's botherin' yo'r head?" asked Steve after a few minutes of silence.

"A good many things," was the reply.

"I've been figgerin' a bit. Both Captain Wyle and the major are now down on yo'. If yo' ever gits back to the Confederacy, they'll shet yo' up or shoot yo'. Can't yo' see it?"

"It looks that way to me."

"The Yanks may keep us six months, and dooin' that time that's goin' to be a heap of lyin' about yo' to that gal. She'll be told that yo' deserted or mebbe that yo' are dead. Yo' kin bet Captain Wyle won't let no grass grow under his feet. I've hearn that she was over in the mountains."

"Yes."

"And I was told that Captain Wyle and his critter company had bin sent back yere to help hold the Yankees. Can't yo' see?"

"Yes, but I can't act."

"Why not? It's comin' on dark, and it's goin' to rain. See how the line has straggled! Them bluecoats hain't got more'n one eye open. Tell yo' what my plan is. Let's make a dash for it! It hain't over 20 miles to whar yo'r gal is. Go'n see her. She's powerful level headed, and I reckon she may give yo' some good advice. Yo'll hev a show to explain things anyway, and that will make dough of the captain's cake."

"And what about you?" asked Kenton.

"Waal, I'd just as lief run up thar with yo'. I ain't jest exactly satisfied about all this thing. Mebbe I'll surrender to the Yanks agin, and mebbe I'll go back to the company and let the major pile it on and be hanged to him! I want a day or two to think it over. What do yo' say?"

"I'm agreed," replied Kenton after a moment's thought.

"That's bizness! Jest about 40 rods down yere I'll give yo' the word. We uns will break for them woods to the right. We'll be fired on and mebbe killed, but we've got to take chances. Once we reach the woods we are safe."

The afternoon was rapidly fading into dusk, and a fine rain had begun to fall. The cavaliers were strung out so that there were gaps of several feet between horses, and as the prisoners were singing songs and seemed in good spirits the vigilance of the captors was naturally relaxed. The wall which inclosed the field on the right suddenly ended, and then came a field which was open because the fencing had been used by soldiers from one side or the other for their campfires. It was a distance of about 30 rods to the edge of the woods, and it was likely they would not only be fired on, but pursued by some of the troopers. Brayton stepped into the road ahead of Kenton, increased his pace to reach the center of a gap between two horsemen and suddenly threw up his hand as a signal.

Both men were well into the field and running at the top of their speed before an alarm was raised. Three or four of the troopers on that side opened fire with their carbines, but pursuit was prevented by a dozen other prisoners evincing a disposition to also make a bolt. Some of the half dozen bullets came unpleasantly near, but not one struck the fugitives, and in two or three minutes they were safe in the woods. With darkness already at hand, there was no fear of pursuit.

"Yank, we uns did that as neat as a b'ar backin' down a bee tree!" said Steve as they stopped to recover their breath and shake hands.

"And now what?" asked Kenton.

"Now for the mountains. Reckon we'd best put on steam and git out o' this locality as soon as possible. I know this ground and will lead the way."

Stopping to rest for a few minutes every hour or so, the pair held their course for the Alleghenies and about 3 o'clock in the morning turned into a thicket among the foothills to rest and sleep. It was still raining, and the night was raw and cold, but they crept into the thick bushes and were soon fast asleep. It was 8 o'clock before they opened their eyes and then only because disturbed by a great clatter on the highway only a few yards distant. Brayton was the first to move forward and make an investigation. He returned in four or five minutes to say:

"I can't jest make 'em out. Thar's about a hundred men, and all on critters, and the hull heap are southerners, but only a few are in uniform. They can't be recruits goin' to the army, because they are goin' the wrong way."

"It may be a Confederate raiding or scouting party," suggested Kenton.

"Mebbe so, but we uns don't want nuthin' to do with 'em. Hang me if they hain't a bilious lookin' lot!"

The fugitives waited for a quarter of an hour after the last hoof beats had died away and then stole out into the highway. The rain had ceased, but it



Both men were running at the top of their speed before an alarm was raised.

was a lowering morning, and they were sharp set for breakfast. The log house of a farmer was plain to view a quarter of a mile down the road, and they made sure they would find something to eat there. In a few words they agreed on the story they were to tell if questioned, and 10 minutes later they were at the door of the house. It was opened to them by the farmer's wife. She was a strong advocate of the southern cause, and the sight of their Confederate uniforms brought a cheerful invitation to enter and sit down to breakfast.

"Don't you uns belong with that crowd which jest passed up the road?" she asked as they fell to eating.

Steve Brayton took it upon himself to answer in the negative and then asked what crowd it was.

"It's Kurnel Mosby and his gang. They hain't much on the fight, I reckon, but they do pester the Yankees like all git out. Most of 'em are farmers, and some of 'em live around yere. Whar did you uns cum from?"

Steve told her of the fight with Custer and their escape the night before, and she lifted her hands and cried out:

"Then you uns dun seen the Yankees?"

"Yes'm."

"Reg'lar live Yankee sogers?"

"Yes'm."

"And yo' got away alive?"

"Of co'se."

"Waal, I wouldn't 'a' believed it! Mrs. Sam Duncan dun tole me them

Yankees killed everybody with tomahawks as soon as they got holt of 'em! Yo' uns must hev bin powerful cute to git away."

Breakfast had been finished when there came a knock at the door, and next moment a man in the uniform of a Confederate cavalry sergeant entered the cabin. He had been sent back by Colonel Mosby, he said, to ask for the loan of a horse and equipments. He used the term "loan," but it was pretty plain that he meant to take no refusal. The woman replied that her husband had set out for Woodstock the night before on horseback, and therefore it was impossible to grant the colonel's request. The sergeant was going away without a word to our two friends, but after reaching his horse he returned and asked:

"What command do you fellers belong to?"

"To Captain Wyle's cavalry company," replied Kenton.

"Where is it?"

"I don't know."

"Humph! Whar yo' goin'?"

"None of yo'r bizness!" answered

Steve, who had been rolled by the sergeant's supercilious airs and lofty tone.

"Oh, it hain't, eh? Mebbe yo've got

a pass in yo'r pocket to allow of yo'r

rambling around the kentry? If so, I'll

take a look at it."

"Yo' hain't big enough!"

"What! Now you uns either show a

pass, or I'll take yo' along to Kurnel

Mosby! He'll mighty soon find out whar

yo' belong!"

"You see," began Kenton, who, re-

alized that it was foolish to arouse the

man's anger and suspicion, "we were

guarding the stores at Harrisonburg,

and the Federal cavalry came in yester-

day and—"

"Whar's yo'r pass?" interrupted the

sergeant.

"Whar's yo'r's?" demanded Steve.

"Show yo'r pass, or I'll take yo' to

the kurnel!"

"I should like to explain the case to

you," said Kenton, motioning to Steve

not to interrupt him. "We are Confed-

erate soldiers. We were captured at

Harrisonburg by the Federals yesterday

forenoon, but escaped at dark last night.

Therefore we have no pass and do not

need a pass."

"Yo' may be all right, and yo' may

be a couple of Yankee spies!" replied

the sergeant. "If yo' are straight, yo'll

come along with me and explain to the

kurnel. "Died, but yo've got to come,

straight or crooked!"

He had left his revolver and carbine

on the saddle. He started for his horse,

but Steve was there before him. He

had stepped softly out while Kenton

was explaining and was now in possession

of both firearms and a supply of

ammunition. Even as the trooper

reached the gate Steve gave his horse a

slap and sent him galloping away and

then turned and asked:

"Who's takin' anybody to see the kurnel?

Sorter 'pears to me that yo've dun

stubb'd yo' toe and fell down!"

The sergeant very quietly asked what

he was going to do, and his manner bet-

rayed his anxiety.

"Goin' to git shet of yo' about the

fast thing!" answered Steve. "Left

face! Forward march! Keep goin' right

down the road till yo' find the kurnel

and then give him our love!"

The trooper marched away without

a backward look, and when he was lost

to sight by a turn in the road Kenton

said:

"Steve, you did a bad thing for us.

That whole crowd will be after us in-

side of a hour."

"Don't holler befo' yo'r hit, Yank!"

laughed Steve. "If we uns hadn't took

him, he'd hev taken us, and besides

that it suddenly occurred to me that

we'd got to hev something to shet with.

Now, then, let's be a-gettin' straight up

the mountain."

CHAPTER XXI.

We have made no note of time. A year of war seems to fly more swiftly by than a month of peace. The minutes of war are made up of its dead, its hours of burials, its days of battles, its weeks of campaigns which move a nation, its months of black figures relating the number of widows and orphans and the tens of millions of dollars expended, its years of despair and desolation crying to heaven.

Winter had fallen upon mountain and valley, upon the blackened ruins of once happy homes, upon blood spot and burial ground. While things had gone very quietly at Rest Haven they had not gone well. Now and then a detachment of Federals or Confederates had galloped past on the stony road, but they had left the family in peace. Letters no longer came and went. The country was in the hands of the Federals, and many of the inhabitants had fled away. The Percys would have gone before winter set in but for the state of the mother's health. They were waiting and hoping that she would so mend that she could be moved, but she did not.

One autumn night a party of raiders had taken away the horses, and after that Uncle Ben had to make his trips on foot as he scoured the country in search of provisions to keep the family going. In spite of the high prices and general scarcity of all necessities he managed so well that nearly every want was supplied in some way. On two occasions beyond the one mentioned Federal reconnoitering parties left supplies at the house, and once Captain Wyle sent a store of articles which could have only been gathered at considerable cost and trouble. Both sides pitied the unhappy and defenseless situation of the family, which was only one of hundreds. The sufferings of the southern women during the war have found no historian, and the heroism displayed by them in the face of peril and adversity has not gone down to their children on printed pages. Who could write it? Where would he begin or end? In no epoch of history were mothers, wives and daughters called upon for greater sacrifices, nor were sacrifices ever so cheerfully made. Brave, patriotic, enduring, and yet no state or community has reared a marble shaft on which is engraved the words of praise and commendation so justly their due.

When Marian became convinced that if Mrs. Baxter had any plan about it was to play the spy and forward the cause of Captain Wyle, she did not let the matter worry her. A sort of truce was declared between the woman and Uncle Ben, and yet he did not cease to suspect and to watch her. He found out that Ike had been exchanged and had rejoined his company, and on two occasions he had good reasons to believe that the man secretly met her in the neighborhood of the house. Owing to the interruption of the mails, it was only at long intervals that Marian heard from Royal Kenton. For a month previous to the battle in which he was captured she had heard no word from him. When news came, it was from Captain Wyle himself on his second visit to the Haven. His company was acting as a guard for a wagon train of forage gathered in the valley, and his stay was brief. While his welcome was fairly cordial, he realized that circumstances were not propitious for any approach to the subject nearest his heart, and he forced himself to be content with generalities. Incidentally, as if the matter was of little or no moment to her, he mentioned the fact of General Jackson having become suspicious of Kenton and suggesting the detail which was made and of his having heard only a day or two before that the Federals had descended on the post and captured the entire Confederate command. What he added was both false and cruel—viz. that it was rumored that Kenton was among the Confederate killed.

If the captain hoped that Marian would betray her real feeling, he was not disappointed. As she received his information every vestige of color fled from her face, and she seemed about to faint.

"You—you say it is so rumored?"

she gasped.

"Only rumored, but—"

"But you believe the rumor will be confirmed?"

"I must say that I do. Mr. Kenton

was, I believe, a friend of yours, and of

course the news of his death will shock

and grieve you. He and I would also

have been friends but for his, to say the

least, disloyal conduct toward the cause

he for some reason best known to him-

self espoused."

"Captain Wyle, you wrong him, liv-

ing or dead!" exclaimed Marian as she

braced herself against the shock caused

by report of the rumors. "He enlisted

because he was imbued with the same

feeling I hope you were—a feeling that

he owed allegiance to Virginia first of

all."

"He has acted very strangely for a

Virginia patriot, I must declare," said

the captain.

"How strangely?" she demanded as

the color began to return to her cheeks

and her eyes to flash.

"Every one in my company firmly

believes he joined us that the Yankees

might have a spy within our lines."

"And who made them believe it?"

Royal Kenton has periled his life in the

cause oftener than any man in your

company or regiment! Tell me of one

single instance where an honest, un-

biased man could have questioned his

loyalty!"

"Why was he left behind, detailed

to guard stores, and that at General

Jackson's suggestion?" asked the cap-

tain.

"You are already possessed of that

knowledge!" she scathingly replied.

"There has been a conspiracy against

him from the very outset, and it is not

the fault of the conspirators that he was

not assassinated before a battle had been

fought!"

"Private Kenton, if alive, should feel

grateful for such championship!"

"It is my duty to champion him! I

am his promised wife!"

While Captain Wyle felt pretty cer-

tain that there was more than friendship

between them he had hoped that things

had not gone that far. As she stood be-

fore him and looked into his eyes and

spoke the words which made his heart

fall like lead he was dumb for a mo-

ment. Her face was set and hard, and

he realized that his fate was sealed for-

ever. There was but one thing for him

to do, and he did it. Though rage and

despair filled his heart, he did not forget

the fact that he was a born southerner.

It required all his nerve to take his

leave gracefully, but he accomplished

the feat, and it was only when he was

in the saddle that curses passed his lips

and his smiles were replaced by wicked

frowns.

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despair filled his heart, he did not forget

the fact that he was a born southerner.

It required all his nerve to take his

BEAUTIES OF THE ORIENT.

An Oriental Spectacle of Great Beauty Will be Given as One of the Features With the Wild West and Far East.

In striking contrast to the battle scenes and warlike features of the Wild West section of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East will be the introduction of an Oriental Spectacle as the principal number in the Far East division. From the rugged vistas of our own mountains and plains the scene shifts to the sands of Sahara with the pyramids and Sphinx in the distance. The entire scene presents with accuracy a section of the desert with its glimmering and shimmering stretches of sand. In the foreground a caravan is resting; its camels and donkeys are halted; while the Bedouins prepare their camp. Soon ensues a scene of grandeur surpassing anything ever before attempted in an open-air arena. The Bedouin bandits are holding a party of tourists for ransom, and while negotiations are pending give them an Oriental entertainment as a spectacle. The pageant which opens the entertainment displays the gorgeous costumes and trappings of the ancient Egyptian, the camels and elephants bedecked with vari-colored accoutrements, the various tribes and people of the Soudan and Far East appearing in native garb, displaying an ensemble of color surpassing in beauty anything hitherto seen in a public exhibition. As a particular feature of an entertainment which calls into requisition Arabian and Japanese acrobats and athletes, blind fakirs and other skillful denizens of the Far East Ross's Musical Troopants will be introduced. They ring bells and pump organs with their feet, blow trumpets in musical harmony and in general present a specialty of surpassing interest. Accompanying them through their specialty, four beautifully-costumed ladies will assist in the musical features and participate in the marches and drills which form part of the elephant's exhibit. The Far East features will be in marked contrast, as has been said, with the Wild West section of the entertainment—Indian battles, typical Western scenes and displays of broncho "busting" being vastly different from the mild and placid scenes of Orient beauty.

FOOT BALL GAME.

Hard Fought Battle Pulled Off Monday Afternoon.

A red hot football game was pulled off at the Ball Park Monday afternoon between the 9th grade team and the Broad street team. The Broad street team shut out the 9th graders, making a touch down and kicking a goal in the first half. In the second half there were no scores made, although the hardest sort of fight was put up. Those who witnessed the contest say that the boys played a classy game.

The line-up follows:

9th Grade.	Broad St.
R. Hood	J. Chandler
J. Jones	R. Moore
K. Rowland	H. Owen
P. Dick	R. McKay
M. Pitts	E. Boyle
C. Hurst	J. Haynsworth
L. LeGrand	H. Bultman
G. Gibson	W. Reynolds
D. Bultman	S. Nash
E. Shaw	E. Marshall
E. Jones	H. Bowman

Score: 9th grade 0; Broad St. 6.

Hot Supper and Barbecue.

A Hot Supper and Barbecue will be given at the residence of Mr. E. W. Parker, Jr., of Dalsell, on Wednesday night, October 27th, for the benefit of the Methodist church at Dalsell. The public is cordially invited to attend.

REST MADE EASY.

There Will Be Less Sleeplessness When Sumter People Learn This.

Can't rest at night with a bad back. A lame, a weak or an aching one. Doan's Kidney Pills are for bad backs.

They cure every form of kidney ills.

From common backache to diabetes. They are endorsed by Sumter people.

Mrs. W. A. Clyde, living at 219 E. Liberty St., Sumter, S. C., says "I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as they have proved of great value to me. I suffered from dull nagging backaches and distressing pains through my loins and also had an annoyance from the kidney secretions. The secretions also contained a sediment and were scanty in passage. I did not rest well and in the morning I felt tired and languid, having very little strength or energy. I finally procured Doan's Kidney Pills at China's drug store and since using them, I have been free from backaches and my kidneys are normal. I am glad to recommend such a splendid remedy as Doan's Kidney Pills." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

INVESTIGATING FOR MR. TAFT.

Secretary Dickinson Studying the Negro Question in the South.

Washington, Oct. 12.—It is learned on good authority that President Taft has asked Secretary of War Dickinson to make a special study of various aspects of the negro race question. The object of this request is not made apparent and further details are not yet obtainable. Secretary Dickinson for some time has been at his home at the Belle Mead farm in Tennessee. While at home Mr. Dickinson has been looking into the subject. During a recent visit to Nashville it is understood that he asked Major E. C. Lewis, one of that city's prominent citizens, what he proposed as a solution of the race question. Major Lewis is prominent in the commercial world by reason of his connection with the Nashville Terminal Company, but has never gone into politics. According to the report Major Lewis declared that the absolute disfranchisement of the negro and his elimination altogether from politics is the only thing that would solve the race question and benefit both races. The response of Secretary Dickinson to this suggestion is not known.

Dickinson's Plan Attacked by Chandler.

Former United States Senator William E. Chandler writes as follows in his home newspaper, the Concord (N. H.) Evening Monitor:

"Secretary of War Dickinson, in a speech at Nashville, Tenn., on September 23, adopted a new plan of reconstruction, differing from that placed in the Constitution of the United States at the close of the 'war between the States', as it is at the end of nearly half a century pleasant to call the slaveholders' rebellion. His plan is to abolish negro suffrage in the Southern States in return for efforts to abolish the lynching of negroes.

"This is his enactment:

I. "No negroes are to be appointed to office in the South.

II. "The white people are solely to govern.

III. "Inferentially the colored voters are to be deprived of suffrage to any appreciable extent, but the 10,000,000 of colored people are to continue to be the basis on which the white voters at the South are to possess 50 electoral votes and 50 representatives in Congress.

In return for this destruction of the principles of political equality, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude, as now declared by the Constitution, there is to be at the South:

IV. "A government of law and not of passion, lynchings are to be abolished and the colored people are to be protected in their property rights.

"To what extent President Taft is committed to this new scheme of reconstruction, Secretary Dickinson does not state. Whether the fifteenth amendment is to be formally changed or only silently abandoned by the North as a guarantee of impartial suffrage, while the South, in its own approved and noble methods, sees to it that the amendment is in fact nullified, does not appear. Time will tell. Meantime, the Republicans of the country, including the colored voters, can think over the plan of the able and courageous Secretary of War."

REAL FUN FOR HALLOWE'EN.

Oldtime Rowdiness Should be Superseded by Other Amusements.

Every boy feels that he has a special right on Halloween night to go out and have some fun. Somehow or other the fun is very apt to be at the expense of other people. It may seem very amusing to take gates off their hinges and hide them; but this is cruel fun, for it makes work for the older people who have to put them back again.

Ringed doorbells is another standing joke that may turn out badly. Some boys once stood a board up against a front door, rang the bell and ran across the street to see what would happen. A woman came to the door with a lighted lamp in her hand, and the board fell against her, smashing the lamp, and setting her on fire, so that she was terribly burned.

There are plenty of ways of having fun without injuring anybody, and a good plan is to get up a Halloween masquerade party. Let every boy hunt up the queerest old clothes he can find and dress in them, so that the others will not know him. If he has not a mask he can rub his face with burnt cork, or paint himself to look like an Indian, doing anything that will make it hard for the other boys to recognize him.—The Delineator.

Peary is not the only man who, in trying to do some nailing, has ruined his own hand.—Charleston News and Courier.

Wheat and Oats for Seed.

Prof. W. F. Massey.

While a great deal has been written in regard to the breeding and improvement of the seed of corn and cotton, there has been little said about the improvement of the seed of wheat and oats.

With these crops the farmer is not in a position to do real breeding work, though much has been done, and more can be done, by experts in this line or work. But the farmer can do a great deal in maintaining the character of the small grain he sows. I was attending a county fair in Maryland this week and was much interested in the samples of wheat exhibited. Unfortunately, even the best samples this season are poorer than usual owing to the unfavorable season and the attacks of rust which damage the foliage and, of course, prevented the development of the grain. But even under these unfavorable conditions there was a great difference in the various samples of wheat shown, even of the same varieties. Samples shown by a wheat grower, whose main business is the production of seed wheat, showed what intelligent care of the seed could do even in a bad season.

He had samples of the Dietz, of the Currill, and of the old Fultz. The Fultz showed the effects of the season worse than others, and it is evident that the bearded wheats are to be more grown hereafter, for the greatest damage to the yield this season was done by the hard rains that spoiled the flowers at blooming time, and this was worse with the bald-headed wheats than with those bearded.

But it was evident that care in the selection of the seed has had a great effect on the quality of the crop. The Dietz wheat grown by this seed grower was remarkably heavy even this season, while samples of the same variety shown by farmers who do not take the same pains with the selection of the seed, were light in weight.

I was at the farm of this seed grower and noted the care used in his fanning mill. The fan was on an upper floor, and below there were four chutes coming down. The first one delivered a mixture of light weeds and grass seeds; the second, light shriveled wheat for chicken feed; the third, what he called milling wheat, a fairly clean sample of wheat, and the fourth, delivered only the largest, heaviest and plumpest grain—his seed wheat. He said that some farmers were buying his milling wheat and claiming that they loved his wheat, and he stopped that and refused to sell this except to millers, as he did not want to risk his reputation on any but his best wheat, and in better seasons he usually makes 40 to 45 bushels per acre.

Now, while few farmers will go to the extreme care that this man does, or will have as complete machinery for the purpose as he has, any one can prepare his seed far better than is the usual custom. The fanning mill properly used will enable any one to get the heaviest seed for his own sowing, and can be made to clean it, too, from the worst weeds. Take a sample of oats as usually bought, and in many cases you will find what an ordinary observer would call clean oats. But the man who knows seed will look carefully at it and will find that there are many small grains that look like small oats, and he will know these to be cheat seed, and if the grain is sown, he will find that it has "turned to cheat" in the spring, when it was cheat all the time from seed to heading. Now, use the fan thoroughly on that sample, and you can blow out all these seed as well as many of the lighter weed seed. With screens properly arranged and the fan energetically blown, any farmer can prepare much cleaner sample of seed than is commonly sown. It is far better to blow out the light seed than to sow them to produce weak plants. We want the land occupied only by the strongest plants, and the strongest plants are produced only by the best developed seed.

Any one, with even the common fan will be surprised to find how small a percentage of the wheat put into the fan will be of the heaviest class. But it pays well to sacrifice the inferior seed and sow only the plumpest and heaviest grain. You will have less winter-killing of the oats if you sow only the heaviest grain, for the strongest plants will be produced and these of course, are better able to resist the cold than the weak plants grown from light seed.

The cheat seed that you sow are never winter-killed, for they are far harder than the oats, and they may deceive you with something green when the oats are killed. Hence, it is better to blow them out and sow only clean and heavy oats. Whatever a man sows that he will reap. Sow poor seed of wheat or oats, and you will get poor wheat or oats, sow cheat seed, and you will get cheat. Sow plump, heavy wheat, and oats clean of weeds, and your crop will be likewise clean and heavy.

Every farmer should have a fanning mill. The fanning mill does not

cost a great deal, and will save its cost in the first small grain crop.

SIGNALING WITH MARS.

Prof. Brooks Describes His Idea of Calling Up the Red Planet.

(Prof. Wm. R. Brooks in Collier's.) As the opposition of Mars on the 24th of this present month approaches, renewed interest is manifested in the fascinating subject of signaling with our planetary neighbor.

At a previous favorable opposition, about 15 years ago, certain astronomers saw some unusually bright points flashing out from the surface of Mars, which led to the idea that they were signals; and some more imaginative than the rest thought these signals took the shape of the Greek letter o—Theos. God.

This, of course, raises the old and ever-popular question, one which is asked the astronomer more frequently than any other: Is Mars inhabited and by intelligent beings?

The most that the conservative astronomer is willing to say is that the apparent conditions there seem suited for habitation. Mars has the succession of day and night similar to the earth, the only difference being that their day is half an hour longer than ours. They have the same beautiful recurrence of the seasons, with a year nearly twice the length of our own.

Added to this are the so-called canals of Mars, and, of course, if we accept the artificial character of these striking features of our neighboring planet, the question of its habitability is settled. These canals are so numerous and on such a gigantic scale that they must have been wrought by people of extraordinary engineering skill and industry. Being older than ourselves, they may be much farther advanced.

These inhabitants may differ from us greatly in form and structure and development, and be perhaps—humiliating thought—vastly our superiors. This being granted, it will be seen that they could easily follow us in any system of signals that we might construct, be they never so complex and gigantic.

What kind of signals are possible that would be likely to attract attention of the people on Mars, assuming that they possess eyes and telescopes comparable to our own? The method proposed by the writer is the establishing of a great area of electric lights that could be flashed on and off at regular intervals during our midnight hours, these flashes to be arranged not necessarily after the Morse code, for it were idle to suppose that the Martians are familiar with this. But a much simpler arrangement is suggested. A series, for instance, of five or seven flashes of one minute duration each, with an equal space between; then an open interval of 10 minutes, to be followed by another series of flashes of one minute each, and so on. Let these signals be repeated every night for several weeks before, during and after opposition. Of course, we should not expect an immediate response, for considerable time would be required to construct the answering signals.

If we had ours ready by the next opposition of the planet in November, 1911, then at that succeeding opposition, in two years and two months from that date, we might watch nightly for their response.

Or supposing we kept up the signals at every opposition until the next equally favorable one, 15 years from now, and then received their answer, would it not pay? Would not the achievement be momentous?

Be true to thyself, and all things shall be true to thee.—Sylvester Judd.

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THERE WILL BE A ROLLER FLOUR MILL IN SUMTER BY JAN. 1910.

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BEST LIVERY IN SUMTER.

SUMTER, S. C.

The Watchman and Southron.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1909.

The Sumter Watchman was founded in 1850 and the True Southron in 1864. The Watchman and Southron now has the combined circulation and influence of both of the old papers, and is manifestly the best advertising medium in Sumter.

LAW AS TO SIGNBOARDS.

Law Requires That All Public Roads Shall Be Posted.

There has been some discussion in several newspapers lately as to the law requiring the public roads to be posted with signboards at all forks or crossings. The law is very clear but it is not generally enforced. Following is the law on the subject:

"Sec. 446. Any person or persons who shall cut down, burn or deface any mile post or stone, erected by the county commissioners or county supervisor of any county, he, she or they, upon conviction thereof shall forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars, to be recovered by indictment or information before any court of competent jurisdiction.

"Sec. 447. If any person shall willfully demolish, throw down, alter, or deface any guide-post, every person so offending shall, upon conviction thereof before any magistrate of the proper county be fined in a sum of not exceeding ten dollars and the cost of suit, or be sentenced to labor on the public works of the county for a term of not more than thirty days, and the money when collected, shall be by the magistrate collecting the same, paid over to the county treasurer.

"Sec. 448. The county board of commissioners of any county neglecting to cause the public highways in their county to be posted and numbered and to have pointers erected at each fork of said highways declaring the direction of such highways shall be liable to pay the sum of ten dollars for each and every said neglect, to be recovered by indictment in the court of general sessions of the county within which the same occurs, to be collected and paid to the treasurer of such county for the use of the county. Provided, That no county commissioner shall be liable to said penalty who shall put said pointer at such times as he shall have his division of roads worked."

The civil code of South Carolina has also a section bearing upon this which gives the county commissioner authority to erect such sign boards and charge the cost to the county, and the neglect of this can be construed by the public to mean that they are indifferent to the convenience of the public. The section is as follows:

"Sec. 1,327. Each road overseer within his district may erect and keep up, at the expense of the county, at the forks and cross roads a post and guide-board, or finger board, containing an inscription in legible letters, directing the way and distance to the town or towns, or public places, situated on each road respectively."—Spartanburg Journal.

Canned More Peaches This Season Than Any Other Cannery in Georgia.

Mr. Frank Rouse, manager of the Augusta Canning factory, reports that the factory is doing a most successful business. Since it has been established a short while ago, the factory has put up 145,000 cans of fruits and vegetables. Of this amount 45,500 cans were of peaches. This is believed to be the record for peaches this year for Georgia canneries.

A United States inspector who recently visited and inspected the plant pronounced it the most up-to-date in the State. The factory is equipped with the latest machinery. One of the machines being used has been patented only ten months. This is a machine for sealing cans without the use of acid or solder.

The potato season will open in about thirty days and the factory expects to can a great amount of them.—Augusta Herald.

"Spartanburg has voted down a bond issue for good roads allowed its note given the C. C. & O. railroad to go to protest, seen its police department disgraced, and permitted its chamber of commerce to die. It takes a mighty good town to stand that punching. But it is nevertheless the best yet in this part of the country."

The Herald, from which this comment is taken, neglected to include its ill-fated ball team.—Greenville News.

Mrs. Mary Sophia Fairbanks, daughter of Dr. Charles Cotton, who, as a surgeon on the Hornet, a United States ship, in the war of 1812, received a testimonial from the British government for his treatment of 31 English sailors after the battle between the Hornet and the British ship of war Peacock, died in Brooklyn.

Farmers' Union News

—AND—

Practical Thoughts for Practical Farmers

(Conducted by E. W. Dabbs, President Farmers' Union of Sumter County.)

The Watchman and Southron having decided to double its service by semi-weekly publication, would improve that service by special features. The first to be inaugurated is this Department for the Farmers' Union and Practical Farmers which I have been requested to conduct. It will be my aim to give the Union news and official calls of the Union. To that end officers, and members of the Union are requested to use these columns. Also to publish such clippings from the agricultural papers and Government Bulletins as I think will be of practical benefit to our readers. Original articles by any of our readers telling of their successes or failures will be appreciated and published.

Trusting this Department will be of mutual benefit to all concerned, THE EDITOR.

All communications for this Department should be sent to E. W. Dabbs, Mayesville, S. C.

NOTICE.

Members County Union will please bear in mind the Sept. 3rd meeting at Oswego. I have a card from Dr. S. C. Mitchell from Lake George, N. Y., promising to be with us that day to deliver his lecture on "Community Life." I trust we will also have with us President Peritt, of the State Union.

E. W. DABBS,
Pres. Sumter County Union.

CONOVER KNOWS!

The Farmer Has Not Time to Solve All the Problems Pressing for Solution, and the Idea of Sending Trained Specialists to the Farm to Help Him is One of the Best Yet Put Into Practice.

The other day Dr. Hartman, from the State Agricultural Department dropped in to look us over, and before he went away he promised to send Conover down.

I looked in the latest bulletin to get Conover located, and discovered that Conover is the dairyman. The doctor gave me several suggestions as to what might be done before Conover would be most properly due, and when he left the place I got to thinking along a new line.

Now, I never saw Conover. But I can understand that what we want on the farm is Conover, and more of his kind.

If Conover will not blush from being singled out as an illustration, it is permissible to go on to say that he represents one type, while we who are on the farms stand for another. Conover has been trained along a special line, with the benefits of the experience of other persons, and he knows. Those of us who have been grubbing along depending on our own limited experience, manage to pick up a little practical knowledge, but it is little and is thinly scattered over the whole horizon of farm work.

How the Specialist Can Help the Farmer.

It was a great innovation when the State and the United States set on foot the custom of sending trained men out to give the farmers practical instruction right on the farm. A thousand things arise every season to perplex the farmer. He reads the bulletins (although many do not read them half as much as would be desirable) and he gets theoretical ideas of the subjects. But the trained man gets at the meat of things.

Dr. Hartman leaned over the fence looking at a sow. "Too short for a good breeder," he said.

That is enough. But the average farmer does not get that into his head, because he is familiar with the sow from the time she was a little pig.

"When you build a silo, bevel the inside of your staves," a neighbor suggested. That seemed wise.

"When you build a silo, don't bevel the inside of your staves, and the hoops will draw the inside corners tighter and make a better fit," said Dr. Hartman.

We see these things when they are pointed out, but it is the trained specialist who has them at his fingertips and can suggest them.

We Haven't the Time to Solve All Our Problems Ourselves.

I have bought some machines that Conover would have told me not to buy. I have bought some too small, some generally no good, and some that do not apply.

Conover, when he comes, will tell me what is the matter with the field that has too much clay, and what to do with the one that has too much sand. Conover knows. I will be too old before I get this all ciphered out by slow and laborious experience.

Experience is a costly school, which in this modern day few can afford to patronize. Conover is learning from the experience of skillful men whose experience is specialized along definite lines. His mental action has the lost motion thrown out. What the men about him do is done with intelligent and definite aims in view.

His kind of people do not experiment blindly, but from some intelligent basis to start with.

Let Us Welcome the Help of the Trained Man.

I was candid enough to confess to Dr. Hartman that ignorance is the long suit at our farm. We try this and that and something else, but what one short life provides time to try is only an infinitesimal portion of what we ought to know. We cannot on the farm experiment to the same profitable and satisfactory end that men at the stations can, where all instruments and all previous experiments are available.

We need many things on the farms of North Carolina and on the farms of the whole United States, and probably nothing is more imperatively needed than more of Conover to help us see things, and more of the farm bulletins, to tell us what has been done by others in digging out the simple facts of agricultural theory and practice.

When I hear that a man from the Experiment Station is heading my way, he can be assured that the dog will be promptly tied up and an extra handful of meat put into the mush pot the minute he heaves in sight.—Blon H. Butler in Progressive Farmer.

THE FARMER WHO LOVES THE SOIL.

The Possibilities of the South Yet Unrealized by Southern People.

Messrs. Editors: How many things there are to be seen from a car window that are of interest to the farmer. To one who loves his soil—as all farmers should love the soil—will come moments of discouragement as his train rushes past abandoned hills and galled hillsides. But directly come into the picture a beautiful little piece of grass and well-kept fields of forage crops. The hills will be clothed in living green and cattle will be seen grazing there. A moment more and the white cottage will appear hovering at the foot of the hill, and in that cottage lives a man that we know loves his soil. With that man lives a woman who loves him as he loves her. They are living together here in this little Eden as God ordained they should, loving their God, their children, one another, and their little piece of land; and as we pass along we thank the Creator for giving us this glimpse of this typical American farm home.

I am writing this as our train is passing down out of the mountains of Tennessee into the rich Piedmont section of Alabama where men have not begun to realize what riches and happiness await the farmer who will plow and cultivate these deep, red soils as he should, who will sow acres and acres of cowpeas, clover, and alfalfa, who will feed these rich legume hays to good cattle and sheep, save the manure carefully and apply to other fields where he will plant king corn. When the time comes that he will do this, we shall hear less of hard times (as we have heard many times today) because of the crop farmer having to purchase dollar-and-a-quarter corn with which to feed his mules while making the cotton crop.—A. L. French in Progressive Farmer.

Making Pea Hay.

Let the peas grow till the pods turn yellow, and then there is no hay more easy to cure well than cowpeas, notwithstanding all the talk about the difficulty in curing them. They will cure if you just let them, and do not go to monkeying with all sorts of contrivances to spoil them.

I had a letter today from a farmer who said that he would not have barn room for his pea crop and wanted to know if they would keep well stacked. He really answered his own question, as he said that a neighbor had stacked some when well wilted and limp, and they heated and steamed. But to his surprise, he found that they cured

perfectly. If he had opened the stacks and tried to cool them off, he would, doubtless, have had moldy hay.

Mow the peas in the morning, and, if possible, put a tedder behind the mower to keep them tossed up and hasten the wilting. Rake the morning mowing into windrows that afternoon. Turn them the next morning and let lie till afternoon while cutting more. Cock them that afternoon, and when the hay in the cocks can be taken and twisted hard, and no sap runs to the twist, haul them in. If to go into stacks, make the stacks well, and rake down the sides, but cover the tops of the stacks with straw or dry hay. This hay will cure, even if the stacks heat. Put some rails under the stacks to keep the hay off the ground and prevent its absorbing moisture from the ground, and you have as good hay as in the barn.—Progressive Farmer.

SHOO FLY SCHEDULE MAY BE CHANGED.

Effort May be Made to That Effect—Have Train Make Stop of an Hour in Sumter to Make Connection With Trains Into That Place.

That there may be a change in the schedule of the Shoo Fly train on the Atlantic Coast Line which runs between Orangeburg and Florence is now very likely. It is believed that the change which is contemplated will mean much to the city of Orangeburg and there will be an effort made to have the change made.

As the schedule now stands, this train leaves the city in the morning a little before 8 o'clock, and returns to the city a little after 10 o'clock. The change which is proposed, is to have the train leave the city in the morning at 8 o'clock, and returning, make a stop in Sumter of about an hour, and reach this city a little later than at present.

This change will mean more business for the train, and also will mean more convenience for people coming into this city, who are now forced to spend the night in Sumter or Florence, on account of the fact that the Shoo Fly leaves those places too early for them to make connection. By the stop in Sumter of an hour, persons coming into that place from Darlington, and from the Wilmington side, who desire to come on to Orangeburg will be given an opportunity to do so. As it is now, they are forced to remain in Sumter or Florence until the next morning.

The schedule as it now stands is all right, so far as the morning time is concerned, but as the winter comes on, it will be rather early to leave the city, and the 8 o'clock schedule for leaving this place will be more appealing.

There will be a little delay in the arrival of the train in this city at night, but there be no kick on the part of the crew as to this, as it is stated that the road bed and rails on this run are in excellent condition, and that the hour delay in Sumter could be cut down by half on the arrival of the train here, as it is believed that a half hour could be made up in the run, making the train reach here not more than 40 minutes later than it does now.

At any rate there will be a trial to have this change made, and it is believed that the officials will take some consideration of the proposition.—Orangeburg News, Aug. 27.

Counterfeit vs. Genuine.

But the worst enemies of religion are not those who turn away in disgust from its perversions. "Not they are profane who reject the gods of the vulgar, but they who accept them," says Lucretius. Yet it may be partly a question of words, it will not do to conclude that they hate music. They may love it all too well to listen. And, if I hold up some theological daub, and tell them that it is a portrait of Dely, will it be strange if they take me at my word, and cry out, "Then we are atheists?" Yet when did men ever deny or doubt the reality of the universe, merely because science gave absurd or inadequate explanations?—Charles G. Ames.

In France a law has been passed directing how aeroplanes shall display signal lights at night. That certainly looks as if aerial navigation had passed the purely experimental stage.

Only one-fourth of the New York soldier boys who fought in the mimic war around Boston returned with their commands. The rest were not killed, but knocked out principally by John Barleycorn.

Let us hope that the census will not be "kept out of politics" in the same way that the tariff was "revised downward."—Kansas City Star.

Don Jaime is described by a Paris correspondent is a near-king. Is this a tactful euphemism for "knave"?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

These foreign governments that want to borrow millions would be in hard luck were there no J. P. Morgan.—Philadelphia Ledger.

IMPROVEMENT OF WATERWAYS.

Washington, Aug. 28.—Since the passage of the tariff bill a tremendous quickening of interest in national needs is noticed and this interest is not likely to wane as time passes. Already there is noticeable changes going on throughout the country on the subject of improving the inland waters of the United States and the utterances of those great railway kings, Harriman, Hill, Yaukum and others, who state that the railroads cannot transport more than 50 per cent of the freight at the time it should be carried, has emphasized the needs for a broad and comprehensive waterway policy on the part of the Federal government, to the end that the great natural thoroughfares of the country may be made to do their share of transportation.

A much greater interest is shown by Senators and Representatives in Congress than ever before in the subject of waterways and their improvement. Congressman Henry T. Rainey of the Twentieth Illinois district, is among the leaders of the House to unreservedly favor a bond issue of liberal proportion to carry on the work of improving the inland waters and canals of continental United States, one of the cardinal planks in the platform of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, whose Sixth Annual Convention in Washington next December, gives promise of being the biggest waterway Convention ever held.

"The Waterways of the country," said Mr. Rainey today, "have fallen into disuse for two reasons: First, railroads have been increasing their carrying capacity, building larger engines, building larger cars, laying heavier rails, and double-tracking their lines until now the limit of development seems to have been reached. Nothing has been done for waterways while this remarkable railway development has been in progress. Rivers have not been dredged to any considerable extent, the banks of streams have not been regularized, and as yet, no comprehensive system of waterway development has been entered upon. In the second place, railways paralleling rivers and reaching cities along our rivers have pursued the policy of making cheaper rates to river points, rates often as cheap or cheaper than river steamers of the present capacity can make. Railways have been carrying freight to river points at a loss in order to destroy river traffic, and have been compelling inland towns and cities to pay higher freight rates than they ought to pay in order to make up for loss. There has been for half a century a fight of the railroads against the rivers, with no organizations until a comparatively recent period fighting for the rivers.

"There is only one way to meet the situation and to restore to railroads the competition they ought to have, and that is by improving our rivers, connecting them where necessary with artificial canals, depending upon the electric lines reaching our rivers and extending out now into the interior of the country to furnish in connection with the improved rivers, the competition which a gigantic railway combination must have. Improve our rivers and you will have furnished to every man a great free national highway upon which he can launch his boat and carry his goods, free of all charge, to the ocean highways of the world.

"The building of the Panama canal meets with the approval of the country, and yet it will fail to accomplish the results for which it is intended unless we improve the 16,000 miles of navigable rivers lying within our mountain ranges; unless we improve rivers and harbors between our mountain ranges and the seas in order to enable freights to be transported cheaply from the interior to the world's ocean highways. The time, it seems to me, is here when the country would approve a bond issue of large size for the purpose of improving rivers on a comprehensive basis. The development of the country now depends upon it.

"By a majority of nearly 500,000 votes the State of Illinois has declared itself for this proposition, and has voted in favor of a bond issue of twenty million dollars in aid of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf-Deep Waterway. The State of New York has voted one hundred and one million dollars in bonds to deepen the Erie canal. The waterway from the lakes to the gulf is an inter-state waterway. The Ohio river is an inter-state waterway. The Missouri, the Tennessee and the Arkansas rivers are all great inter-state waterways. The Atlantic Coast Deep Waterway is an inter-state scheme. Illinois and New York have done their part towards creating efficient waterways within their boundaries connecting our interior lakes with the sea. The time has come for the national government to issue bonds for the purpose of carrying on the great work of river improvement and canal building upon which the future prosperity of the country depends."

Send us your job work.

ALL EYES ON MARS NOW.

Star Gazers Have Fine Chance To Study the Planet.

(Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.)

Washington, Aug. 27.—Mars has the centre of the stage just now. At the Naval Observatory the big 26-inch equatorial telescope is turned every night toward the eastern heavens for a look at Mars, the most attractive planet for star gazers.

Mars is just now on its closest visit to earth since the early eighties. Once every three years Mars swings into what the astronomers call close proximity to the earth, although on its nearest visit it has been about 40,000,000 miles away. About once every 25 years Mars comes a few million miles closer to the earth, probably to give terrestrial mortals a chance to revive the mystery as to whether the planet is inhabited by intelligent beings. Mars now rises above the eastern horizon about 11 o'clock every night at a point a little to the north of east and at about midnight becomes brilliant. Its size and red color render it easily discernible to the naked eye. It will grow brighter until about the last of September and will grow dimmer until it gets back to normal the early part of November.

The big 26-inch equatorial telescope has been for several nights past turned on Mars every evening and held there until dawn. It was through this same 26-inch equatorial, then the largest lens in the world, that the late Prof. Asaph Hall in 1877 discovered the two ill-fated satellites of Mars. There is added interest because Prof. Asaph Hall, Jr., son of the man who discovered the Martian satellites, is now on duty at the observatory and is looking through the same 26-inch equatorial at the midgits which his father was the first to find.

These satellites are very small. One is 7 miles in diameter, the other 14 miles through its centre and the smaller of the two is a chirpy little fellow, who does considerable marathoning on his own hook, as he travels around Mars once every 7 hours and 30 minutes. Some of the scientists have an idea that the Martians are queer little individuals of the Brownie type with cross eyes. Other scientists, with a sense of humor, say this may be true, as the swift and continuous circuits made by the smaller of the two satellites must keep the Martians spinning around like tops and knock the spots out of their eyes. On account of their small size the satellites are not much larger than pin-heads in the telescope, and Professor Hall is making a special study of the satellites rather than of the larger planet. Others, like Dr. Percival Lowell, the most eminent upholder of the theory that Mars is inhabited, are directing their attention to the Martian canals and other markings of the planet, which they are inclined to believe indicates the existence of life there.

Rising at 11 o'clock Mars passes across the heavens and sinks in the west after the sun rises. Its moment of rising is several minutes later every evening, and Professor Hall spends every clear night at the eyepiece of his telescope pursuing his observations, his assistants being Messrs. Epps and Friedrichsen, of the observatory force. They work all night and sleep in the daytime.

The work of installing the waterworks system at Bamberg is being pushed rapidly this week. Some material has been delayed and, has just arrived. It is expected that the work on Main street will be completed in a short while. Arrangements will be made, probably this week, so that the entire business portion of the town will be protected from fire, although the hydrants have not been placed as yet. A 75,000 gallon tank will be erected at the power house and this, together with the additional water which will be available, will give a good part of the town ample fire protection.

Some of the newspapers are very much concerned about the precedent which Mr. Taft will establish when he crosses the national border line and sets foot upon Mexican soil. There is at least an unwritten law to the effect that the president during his term of office must not go beyond the national boundaries. But we beg to call the attention of the craft to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt visited Panama during his administration. True, he sailed on an iron-clad which flew the national colors and to this extent was constructively on home ground, but the evasion was doubtless one which the fathers little contemplated.—Atlanta Georgian.

A lawsuit over flying machine patents may be regarded as conclusive proof that aviation is a practical proposition.—Washington Star.

They are planning to ship 25,000 car loads of oranges out of Florida this year. None of the spokesmen for that State is looking for an early frost.—Brooklyn Eagle.